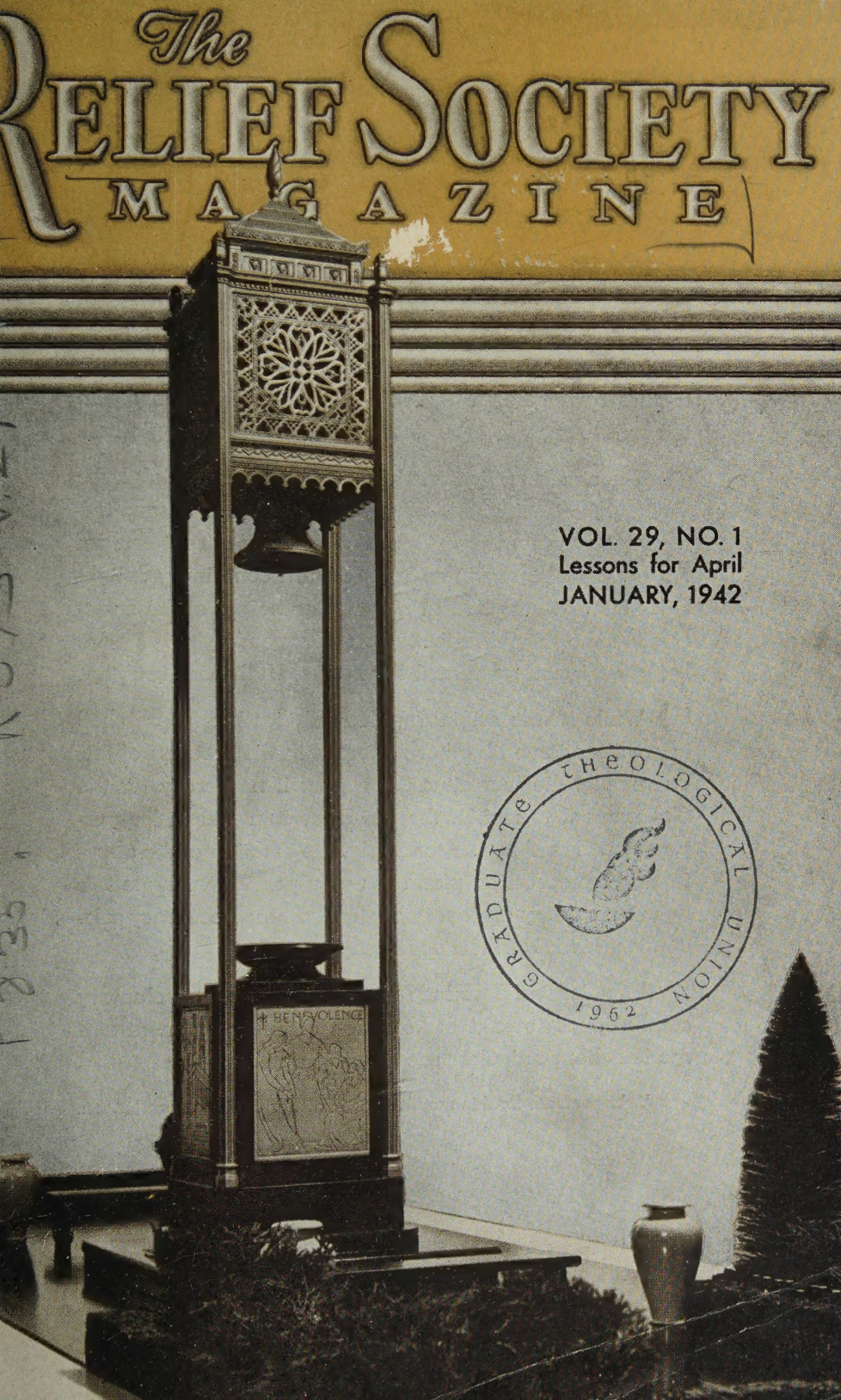
The Relief Society Magazine



VOL. 29, NO. 1
Lessons for April
JANUARY, 1942

GRADUATE THEOLOGICAL UNION
1962

V. 29
1942

THE COVER

Centennial Memorial Campanile

THE cover picture is a photograph of the proposed memorial campanile to be erected on Temple Square as a feature of the Relief Society centennial observance. In this bell tower will hang the famous Nauvoo Temple bell.

The structure, designed by Lorenzo Young, Salt Lake architect, is to have a black granite base and terrazzo terrace, with the upper part of the campanile of cast bronze. At the top of the granite base an urn containing a light will illuminate the bell at night. The height of the structure is to be thirty-five feet. Four plaques for the base are being designed by Avard Fairbanks, Utah-born sculptor.

While it was originally planned that bronze be used in combination with other materials in the erection of this campanile, the war situation makes it necessary for the Government to restrict the use of certain metals for purposes such as this. Accordingly, the erection of the structure will proceed as planned using permanent materials in so far as they are available, and where necessary substitute materials will be used temporarily.

The General Board of Relief Society accepts voluntary contributions toward the erection of this permanent memorial. For particulars see page 39.

Arrangements for this month's cover design are by Evan Jensen.

RELIEF SOCIETY
CENTENNIAL SOUVENIRS
Now Available for Purchase

OFFICIAL CENTENNIAL SEAL

The official centennial insignia has been beautifully reproduced in the Relief Society colors, blue and gold, on gummed seals the same size as the reproduction above. These are suitable for use on programs, booklets, letterheads, invitations, placecards, and for similar purposes in connection with centennial celebrations, or for other purposes during the centennial year. Price, 10c per 100, postpaid. Not available in lots of less than 100.

OFFICIAL RELIEF SOCIETY PIN

No. 1 Pin of blue baked French hard enamel and 24 carat gold-plated, price $1.10, postpaid.

No. 2 Pin of blue baked French hard enamel and 10 carat solid-gold front (gold-filled), with 24 carat gold-plated back, price $1.80, postpaid.

Both pins are identical as to design, size, and coloring. Although issued as a feature of the centennial year, this pin bears only the organization date, 1842, and will therefore be appropriate for use after the centennial. These prices include Federal excise tax.

OUR LEGACY

RELIEF SOCIETY CENTENNIAL ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE

This 329-page book contains poems selected from the writings of Latter-day Saint women from 1835 to 1942, including all the prize poems designated in the annual Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Poem Contest. The relatives of those whose poems are included in this anthology will be especially interested. Price $1.50, postpaid.

CENTENNIAL COMMEMORATIVE PLATE

This pottery plate, 10½ inches in diameter depicts the first Relief Society meeting held in Nauvoo, March 17, 1842. Brown is the predominating color of the design on this beautiful ivory plate, with costumes in a variety of colors. The plate is bordered with gold-colored wheat heads. The inscription on the back gives information as to the organization, scope, and purposes of Relief Society. Price $1.50, postpaid.

CENTENNIAL SONGS

A SONG OF TRIUMPH, words and music by the late Beatrice F. Stevens, 2 pages, 5c per copy, postpaid.

IN THY FORM, words by Dr. Carlton Culmsee, music by Dr. Florence Jepperson Madsen, 7 pages, 10c per copy, postpaid.

These two songs are punched to fit the loose-leaf RELIEF SOCIETY SONG BOOK.

All articles listed above are obtainable only from
General Board of Relief Society, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City.

339250

The Relief Society Magazine

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 29 JANUARY, 1942 No. 1

Contents

Special Features

Greetings—Relief Society Executive Officers 1
General Board of Relief Society—Frontispiece 2
A Tribute to the Relief Society ..... President Rudger Clawson 3
In Retrospect—Chapter I ..... President Amy Brown Lyman 5
A Monument With a Message ..... Mary Grant Judd 11
Prize-Winning Poems—Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Poem Contest 13
Prize-Winning Story—Relief Society Centennial Short Story Contest 17
Women and the Church (Relief Society General Conference Address) ..... Elder Stephen L Richards 24
The Great Fig Tree (Play, Relief Society General Conference) ..... Joseph J. Cannon 47
Children's Books 52

Fiction

The Wilderness ..... Alice Morrey Bailey 17
There's Always a New Beginning ..... Mary Ek Knowles 28
The Merry-Go-Round—Chapter Ten ..... Alice Morrey Bailey 41

General Features

Fashions of Yesterday 35
Happenings ..... Annie Wells Cannon 36
Editorial: Our Centennial 37
Notes to the Field:
Participation of Relief Society in Red Cross Work 39
Contributions for Relief Society Centennial Memorial Campanile 39
Gospel Standards, by President Heber J. Grant 40
Bound Volumes 40
Home Accident Prevention—No. IV 51

Lessons

Theology and Testimony—Articles of Faith, by James E. Talmage, Chapter 7 54
Visiting Teachers'—Sabbath Day Observance as an Expression of Faith 56
Work-and-Business—Children's Clothing 57
Literature—Humor About and For Children 59
Social Science—Economic Aspects of Family Life 63
Mission—"True to the Faith" 69

Poetry

To a Pioneer Lady ..... Grace Zenor Pratt 4
Sanctuary ..... Alice L. Eddy 10
Snow ..... Dott J. Sartori 12
Brave Privileged Feet ..... Eva Willes Wangsgaard 13
Spacious Century—1842-1942 ..... Vesta Pierce Crawford 14
Centennial ..... Zella A. Johnson 15
The Rhythm of the Band ..... Marjorie Rust 23
The Second Mile ..... Gertrude Perry Stanton 34
And Tell of Time ..... Mabel Jones Gabbott 38
To Zaidee Judith 46
Pioneers of Women ..... Elsie F. Parton 74

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, Phone 3-2741, Ex. 243. Subscription Price: $1.00 a year; foreign, $1.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 10c. The **Magazine** is not sent after subscription expires. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Stamps should accompany manuscripts for their return.

Bancroft Library
University of California
WITHDRAWN

F835
R373
v.29

Greetings

WITH the dawning of the New Year—our centennial year—the General Board extends affectionate greetings to Relief Society women throughout the Church.

How happy and blessed we are in our membership in an organization which for one hundred years has been devoted to the cause of humanity and the glory of God—a mission for which it was organized and set apart by its Prophet-founder.

As we look back over the long road which has been traveled, we can visualize the brave women of each period who have made their contribution and passed the work on to others, leaving their memories and inspiration as a precious heritage to those who have followed.

As we review the work of the past year, which is typical of that of other years, the feeling uppermost in our hearts is one of sincere thanksgiving and gratitude to you dear sisters of today for your earnest labors and notable achievements, and to our Heavenly Father for the manifold blessings and mercies He has bestowed upon us and upon our organization.

While we have cause for rejoicing in our growth, development, and accomplishments, we are not unmindful of the sorrows and suffering in many lands today, of the unrest which is spreading over the whole face of the earth, and of the tendency to destroy instead of to build. And we wonder what the New Year will bring. Our constant prayer is that in this New Year which is especially sacred to us, and which is our most important milepost, the forces of evil may be destroyed, that misunderstanding, selfishness, and hate may be removed from the hearts of men, and that sympathy, understanding, and reason, and the spirit of the Master may enter therein; that war may cease and peace be established in the earth.

It is the plain teaching of history that there is only one way to avoid war, and that is to remove the causes of war. We believe it is within the power of men to put into operation those forces that would bring this about, and that this could be done if they would carefully study and be willing to apply in their daily lives the teachings of the Savior. Jesus said:

> . . . Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. (Matthew 22:37-39)
>
> Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets. (Matthew 7:12)

If the abiding aim of all the people of the world could be the promotion and practice of these divine teachings, which foster love for, and faith in, all mankind, it would be the greatest step that could be taken to bring about permanent peace.

That we may in our own lives rededicate ourselves to the way of life proposed by the Master is our earnest prayer.

Amy Brown Lyman,
Marcia K. Howells,
Donna D. Sorensen,
General Presidency.

Vera W. Pohlman,
General Secretary-Treasurer.

GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Front row, left to right: Rae B. Barker, Leda T. Jensen, Vera W. Pohlman, General Secretary-Treasurer, Counselor Marcia K. Howells, President Amy Brown Lyman, Counselor Donna D. Sorensen, Belle S. Spafford, Vivian R. McConkie, Nellie O. Parker, Anna S. Barlow.

Back row, left to right: Anne P. Nibley, Priscilla L. Evans, Alice B. Castleton, Anna B. Hart, Pauline T. Pingree, Gertrude R. Garff, Ethel B. Andrew, Mary G. Judd, Leona F. Wintch,

The
Relief Society Magazine

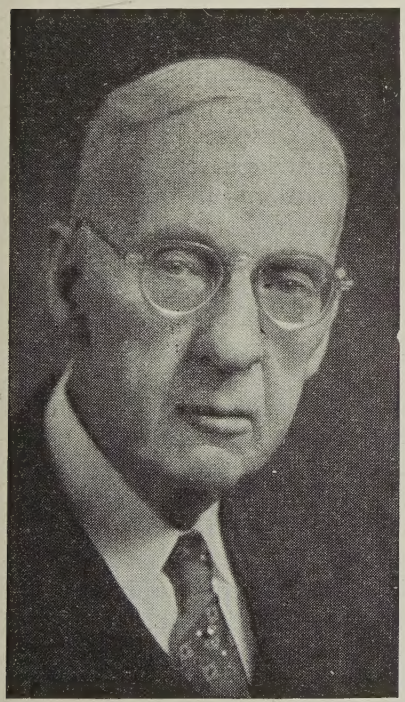
Vol. 29 JANUARY, 1942 No. 1

A Tribute To The Relief Society

Elder Rudger Clawson

President, Council of the Twelve Apostles

IN August 1919, I was appointed by President Heber J. Grant as special adviser to the General Board of Relief Society, and was commissioned to assist in consolidating the accounts of all the departments of the general office and to set up a system of bookkeeping adapted to needs of the Society. I did that, and since that time I have supervised the yearly audit of the business and the accounts. I have frequently counseled with the officers of the Society and advised them on the various problems that arise almost daily. I am, therefore, familiar with the details of their work and am in a position to know what they are actually doing.



PRESIDENT RUDGER CLAWSON

I should like to most warmly commend Sister Lyman and her associates, her predecessors and their associates, for the efficient manner in which they have carried on the great volume of business necessary in such an important organization. The service which the Relief Society renders to the Church is great indeed. Few, I fear, understand the magnitude and the importance of this work. These sisters carry forward a program second only to that of the Priesthood. It is both temporal and spiritual. Relief Society women minister to the needs of those in distress. They plant faith and hope in the hearts of the sorrowing and disconsolate. The Relief Society in all its work reflects the true spirit of the Gospel. The membership of the or-

ganization is made up of women of experience, of faith and understanding. This enables them to perform the delicate and important tasks that go with the charity service of the Church in a manner unparalleled in other organizations. In a spirit of true Christianity they go about doing good.

In addition to all of the assistance which the Society gives to those who are in need, it has a great educational program that builds faith, inspires a love for learning and culture, and that brightens the lives and improves the homes of all its members. I have had great pleasure in my extensive travels among the Saints in encouraging the sisters to join the Society, and I have encouraged Priesthood members everywhere to support and help it. While it is an auxiliary organization, it is a great help and a great support to the bishops in their arduous labors.

At the beginning of a New Year it gives me real pleasure to extend to the members of this great Society every good wish and blessing during this centennial year and for the future.

TO A PIONEER LADY

Grace Zenor Pratt

Dear pioneer lady, my thoughts go back through the years
To you in your crude little house with its scanty fare,
Making the most of that little you had till it seemed a feast,
And the one small room became home and a haven
To those whom you loved and who loved you there.
Pioneer lady, I'm sure that your heart often craved
Music and beauty and laughter, as well as the trivial things,
Infinitely dear, that all women crave,
When all that you had was the laughter—
Laughter which kept you brave.

There were no moments to waste, dear lady, over trivial things;
No time for envy, no fretting for this and that;
No time for jealousy, no moments for vain regret;
There were the tasks, the children, the weaving, the toil
From daylight till night,
Subduing the wilderness, taming the soil. . . .
Yet your soul caught glimpses of beauty, culture, and highest art—
For always the truest culture springs from the patient heart.
O pioneer lady, brave of spirit and true,
We who are only women today offer our praise to you.

In Retrospect

President Amy Brown Lyman

Chapter I

AT the request of the General Board that I write a series of autobiographical articles for the *Relief Society Magazine*, I have consented to do so. I assume this task with a deep sense of humility and with the hope that this brief chronicle of some of the events of my life will be of sufficient interest to justify publication.

Pleasant Grove, the small village located at the foot of famous Mt. Timpanogos in Utah County, was my birthplace. I arrived on a cold, brisk February 7 morning in 1872, just twenty-five years after the settlement of Utah and twenty-two years after the settlement of Pleasant Grove. Coming at this time, I missed the real hardships of earlier days and enjoyed such advantages as living on a railroad. When I was one year old, in 1873, the Utah Central, the first railroad in Utah, was extended through Pleasant Grove and as far south as Provo. It had been incorporated in 1869 and reached Lehi Junction in 1871.

If I could go back to the time of my birth and could choose my own birthplace, I am sure it would be Pleasant Grove. As I think of it today, there could have been for me no more desirable place in which to be born and no other place which could have given me the environment and the particular experiences I had there, and which I now prize so dearly. Everything connected with my life up to my seventeenth year was centered in this small, interesting country town, which to me is a sacred place and will always be home.

In those days of slow transportation and limited communication, country children in America lived a more or less lonely and detached life on isolated farms. This, however, was not the case in Utah, where the farm-village type of community which we now know so well, but which was unique at that time, was established at the outset. There was no village life among American farmers anywhere else. Here the farmers lived together and in closely-knit units surrounded by the areas which they cultivated. They went out to their farms to work during the day and returned in the evening. In the beginning, it had been quite necessary for them to settle together on the streams which furnished their water supply, and it had been very important for their safety that they live close enough together to protect themselves from the Indians. This type of country life, thus early adopted, proved so satisfactory that it became the pattern wherever Mormons colonized. It was advantageous economically, socially, and religiously. It provided many types of profitable cooperation; made good schools and recreational facilities possible, which in those days were almost impossible among greatly scattered agricultural settlers; and it also made church-going easy and desirable.

The story is told that in those early

days of isolated living on farms and wooded lands a certain farm woman became mentally ill, and her husband said he couldn't understand how she ever caught such a malady as she hadn't been away from the farm once in seventeen years.

In the early Utah towns there were many features which contributed to healthy, normal life. The climate was especially good. The people were sturdy and industrious, and they lived in their own homes. Then, there were always the meetinghouses or churches, which were real community centers, and the schools with their recreational facilities. There were also music, dramatic and literary societies, and community dances. There was a friendliness and sociability difficult to provide where people live in scattered conditions or even in large cities. Thus, the children were protected from many of the temptations and evils of city life.

In the beginning the settlers in Utah were mostly converts to the Latter-day Saint Church, from various states of the Union and from foreign countries. Among these converts were educators, musicians, tradesmen, factory workers, craftsmen, farmers, dairymen, et cetera. This variety in citizenship was an important factor in the development of the communities and in the culture of the people.

In Pleasant Grove in my childhood there were a number of the original Utah pioneers, also members of the Mormon Battalion and of Zion's Camp. These persons had all lived in Nauvoo and had experienced the persecutions there and also the persecutions in Missouri. There were Indian war veterans and western explorers. There were many interesting foreigners—Scandinavians, Englishmen, Irishmen, Welshmen, Scots, and Germans. These foreign-born citizens made us acquainted with the old world, and they, together with the pioneers and returned missionaries, thrilled us with recitals of their experiences. Could one find a more interesting environment in which to live?

One of the rare occasions in our town was when Brother Philo Dibble, of Springville, came on his periodic visits to present his illustrated lecture on early Mormon history. He had great canvasses ten feet or more high, as I remember them, upon which were painted thrilling scenes with almost life-size figures. These, together with his dramatic descriptions and narratives, held us children spellbound. The scene of the martyrdom at Carthage Jail was so real and was so vividly stamped upon my mind, that whenever I have since visited this historic place I have in my imagination visualized the whole sad episode in all its details. For footlights Brother Dibble used to place a row of tallow candles, which were set up on a plank, at the base of the pictures, and these were lighted as the lecture was about to begin. In addition to the pictures, plaster of Paris busts of the Prophet and the Patriarch were displayed. These he carefully wrapped in cotton batting while traveling.

Other outstanding events in the community were the celebrations held on July 4 and 24, when interesting street parades were featured and programs given.

There was no evidence of wealth in our community, nor were there any elegant homes, but we had high educational, moral, and spiritual

standards. We had plain living, but high thinking. Next in importance to the earning of a livelihood was the proper rearing of children. Providing educational opportunities for children was regarded as highly important. A school was opened the same year the village was founded. The first settlers arrived in September, 1850, and located in a grove of cottonwood trees on Battle Creek. There were seven families in the company, and that first winter they all went to school—men, women, and children. In the group was a teamster, fairly well-educated for that period, who had been hired by a widow lady to drive her teams across the plains. Arriving late in the fall, he decided to spend the winter in the valley and was engaged to teach the school.

In my childhood and youth we had a good elementary school, but no high school. In fact, at that time, there were no high schools in Utah, and after finishing the elementary schools, in order to get more education children had to be sent away to the Brigham Young Academy at Provo or to the University of Utah in Salt Lake City, both of which gave advanced educational courses including normal training. All of my father's children who lived beyond childhood (sixteen in number) had the opportunity of attending school at the Brigham Young Academy, as did those of many other families. I have heard both Dr. Karl G. Maeser and Dr. George H. Brimhall say that in those early days Pleasant Grove sent more young people to the Brigham Young Academy than did any other town of its size in Utah.

MY father, John Brown, born in 1820, was one of the original pioneers of Utah. He was captain of the thirteenth ten in Brigham Young's company, and, with this first group of pioneers, arrived in Salt Lake Valley July 24, 1847. He was but twenty-seven years of age at that time, and had already crossed the plains as far west as Pueblo the year before (1846) as one of the leaders of the Mississippi Saints. These southern Saints from Monroe County had been directed by President Brigham Young to start west in that year with the understanding that they would meet his company of pioneers on the plains. Brigham Young's company, however, was delayed in Missouri due to the Mexican war and other unforseen events and, therefore, did not begin its famous journey until the next year.

When the Mississippi expedition learned from mountaineers and travelers at Pueblo that Brigham Young's company had not yet left the Missouri River, and that 500 members of the company had joined the army, forming the Mormon Battalion, and were now on their way to New Mexico, they decided to spend the winter in Pueblo. Father and seven of his companions, however, returned to the East in the fall of 1846, and the next year he came with the pioneers to Salt Lake Valley. In the fall of 1847 he returned East again with Brigham Young and others, the main company remaining in Salt Lake Valley. This was his fourth trip across the country. As pioneer, Church emigration agent, and missionary, he crossed the plains thirteen times with oxen and mule teams, and in 1867 and also in 1869 he made the same trip by rail.

His best-loved animal was a mule named "Zeek." In his journal dated January, 1854, he records: "On Christmas night my black mule, 'Zeek,' died. He had taken me across the plains seven times and was the most faithful animal I ever owned." As emigration agent for the Church, father, during one season alone—the summer of 1853—met in relays at New Orleans 2,548 Latter-day Saints, took them up the Mississippi in river boats to St. Louis, and there outfitted them with oxen and wagons for the journey across the plains.

He served as bishop in Pleasant Grove for twenty-eight years, as mayor of the city for twenty years, and as state legislator for nineteen years.

Tennessee was his birthplace. He was the twelfth child in a family of fourteen. He was brought up in Illinois, where at the age of twenty he began teaching school with the view of earning money with which to finish his education. After he joined the Mormon Church, however, his schoolhouse was burned. He later located in Nauvoo, where he worked on both the Nauvoo House and the Nauvoo Temple. From here he was sent on two separate missions to the Southern States.

Father was deeply religious. To the end of his days he was devoted to the Church and to its leaders. No child of his was ever permitted, in his presence, to criticize the leaders of the Church. He was a loyal and patriotic citizen of Revolutionary stock on both sides. His forebears thus helped to establish the Government of the United States. He had a fine intellect and was unusually well-read. He was a man of rare judgment. He was gentle, well balanced, and had excellent poise. I never saw him angry. He could become indignant at injustice and wrongdoing, and did not hesitate to let this be known, but he believed that emotional upsets and temper tantrums were infantile reactions, most unbecoming, later regretted, and always to be avoided. We were taught as children to try always to control ourselves and be masters of unpleasant situations.

On my visit to the commencement exercises of the University of Michigan a few years ago, I was asked by one of my husband's classmates about the type of men the Mormon pioneers were. She had been reading some books which had made her very curious about Brigham Young and his early associates. I told her that in my early life I had met a number of these men and admired them, but that there was one with whom I was especially well acquainted, and that was my own father. I told her he was one of the cleanest, sweetest, and most righteous men I had ever seen—a man with no bad habits, one whose personal standard of living was of the highest order; that he would not indulge in anything of a low or degrading nature, nor would he associate with those who did.

My mother, Margaret Zimmerman Brown, was born in Pennsylvania of German parents who had emigrated to this country from Wurtemburg, Germany. Her father, George G. Zimmerman, was educated in a German university, and was a teacher of languages. He served in the German Army in the Napoleonic wars and was taken a prisoner by the French. After returning to Germany, and while he was still in the army, he made up his mind that he would

leave the country at the first opportunity because he was opposed to compulsory military training and hated war. He was determined not to rear his children in war-ridden Europe. After coming to America, he taught languages in high schools and academies in Maryland and Pennsylvania.

My mother's mother was descended from the Hartman-Hoke families. The Hokes were from the middle class. The Hartmans were well-to-do and were prominent in the aristocratic circles of Wurtemburg, where many of them held important positions. Among them were writers, and leaders in political, professional, and educational fields. I shall mention several of them who lived between 1750 and 1890: John George Hartman was court counselor and secretary of the treasury to the Duke of Wurtemburg, and was said to be one of the most influential men in the Duke's service. Michael Hartman and John Frederick Hartman were city mayors. Eberhard Friedrich Hartman, my mother's great-grandfather, was a widely-known educator.

His grandson, Karl Hartman, who came from this family of teachers which for 120 years without a break taught in one and the same community, was honored and beloved by all folk school teachers throughout Wurtemburg both for his knowledge and for his great activity in trying to improve the conditions of the teaching profession. In 1850 he was chosen to travel throughout Wurtemburg to study the proposition of advancing bright students by giving them special attention. As head of a normal training school he was sent in 1856 on a tour of Germany to visit the schools and to study the activities of the various states in the training of teachers. He was president of the Folk School Teachers' Association, and editor of the *Folk School Teachers' Magazine*. In the Wurtemburg parliament he was chairman of the committee appointed to study and revise the school laws.

After my mother's family joined the Church they left Pennsylvania and moved to Illinois, later coming to Utah where they arrived in May, 1851. My dear old grandfather, who spoke fluently German, French, and English, was also a Latin scholar. He loved learning and education and often said to his children, "While you children have been deprived of educational opportunities in this far-away western land where there are no high schools or colleges, you must see to it that your children do have these opportunities." This ideal of my grandfather's was always held by my mother as a goal for us children.

My mother was a partial invalid for a number of years, and during that time she directed the affairs of her household and in addition helped to solve the social and economic problems of many of her friends. She was forceful, dynamic, and efficient, yet she was tender and sympathetic. A strict disciplinarian, she kept both her children and her house "in order." Some might have thought that she dominated the lives of her children and required too much of them, and probably this was the case, but she was so wise and farseeing, and her judgment was so good, that we had more confidence in her ideas than we had in our own, and usually were willing to accept any plan she

had for us without much argument. She was a woman's woman and always maintained that girls should have equal opportunities and privileges with boys. Mother was one of twelve children, and herself gave birth to ten children. She was born in 1836 and lived exactly ninety-three years.

Following is an extract from a tribute paid to my mother at her funeral by Miss Alice L. Reynolds: "When the day came that I was asked to spend the weekend in the Brown home, I shall never forget the welcome I received when I met Sister Brown. It was hospitality of the highest order. She took me in as a daughter, and from that first meeting to the last time that I ever saw her, it was always sympathetic understanding. And today I stand here before you as a representative of a host of young men and young women in Israel who have shared her home and know of her loving and helpful interest that all who shared it will treasure throughout their lives. We, with her own children, will call her name blessed to the very last generation."

(*To be continued*)

SANCTUARY

Alice L. Eddy

I will come back to this blue, mountain fastness,
And I will return to this green, leafy bower,
Here to find balm when my wounds cry for healing,
Here to find solace for sorrow's black hour.

I will remember the delicate tracing
And patterns of pine bough against the deep blue.
I will take with me the clarion of bird song
To rally my spirit for what I must do.

I'll not be deafened by heartbreak's harsh wailing
If song of white water my inner ear fills.
I will not flinch in the furnace of testing
If I take with me the strength of the hills.

I will have need of these calm, purple shadows
To muffle the agonized dying of pride.
I will return when the ordeal is over,
Here with the trees and the streams to abide.

A Monument With A Message

Mary Grant Judd

Relief Society General Board Member

THE Latter-day Saints are a practical people, and their religion is a practical religion; yet, when it comes to places or events of significance in their past, there is no people with more sentiment. We rejoice when we learn that the Church has purchased some spot memorable in its early history, and thrill to the impressions we receive when we are privileged to stand upon one of these sacred spots.

A few of the places with a pull of sentiment that have come into possession of the Church are: the birthplace of our Prophet in Vermont, where a granite shaft magnificently pierces the blue; and the farm in New York State where Joseph Smith labored as a youth, and near which is the Sacred Grove with its glorious, majestic trees in all their pristine beauty. The Church owns Liberty Jail in Missouri, in which once stood "majesty in chains," as Joseph rebuked the uncouth guards whose foul language he could no longer endure. Later, in this same jail, he was given consolation from his Father in heaven in language as sublime as any to be found in the *Doctrine and Covenants*.

The Latter-day Saints believe in building monuments on significant spots; they believe that they breathe a message to the beholder that could not be accomplished so well through any other medium. Two such monuments are the monument of the Angel Moroni atop the Hill Cumorah which testifies to Christ's appearance on the American continent, and the inspirational piece of sculpture placed at the old Mormon cemetery at Winter Quarters which proclaims the message that the faith of Mormonism turns disaster and what might otherwise be defeat into victory.

And now another monument with a message is planned, to be placed on Temple Square. At our forthcoming centennial celebration it is the plan of the Relief Society to present to the Church a campanile, or bell tower. Besides marking the turn of a century, this monument will house in a permanent and beautiful setting the historic Nauvoo Temple bell.

This priceless relic played an important part in early Church history. Cast in bronze, it was brought by the way of sailing vessel from England as a gift from the British converts. It hung in the Temple before that edifice was completed and remained there until, following the evacuation of the Saints, it was rescued from a ruthless mob who were about to make away with it. David Burlock Lamoreaux drove his wagon underneath the bell, lowered it and delivered it to the Church, its rightful owner. It was the Lamoreaux family who hauled it in their wagon the long distance across the plains, and they willingly walked much of the way to do so.

In the huge volumes designated as *Journal History*, now in the Church Historian's Office, the day-by-day history of the trek is re-

corded. Occasional reference is made to the bell, showing that during the trek it had practical use. It awakened the herdsmen at dawn and reminded them to turn out their cattle to water. It tolled to call the people from their wagons to bow in morning prayer. It rang again when the time for starting the day's march arrived. It rang in the night to let the Indians understand that the sentry was at his post.

After the arrival of the pioneers in the Salt Lake Valley, the bell was used at the old bowery, predecessor of the Tabernacle, calling the Saints to religious worship. It rang at dawn to announce that the dangers of the night had passed and that cattle could be turned out to graze without fear of marauding Indians.

For some time past, the First Presidency of the Church has felt that this valuable relic should be given more prominence, but no definite decision had been reached concerning the project. Without knowing this, the Relief Society General Board asked permission to place the bell in a tower as a contribution to the Church, commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the Society and honoring the thousands of unsung Relief Society heroines who over this period of one hundred years have exhibited such unselfish service to humanity and wonderful devotion to a cause. Without thought of honor accruing to themselves or financial reward in even the smallest measure, Relief Society women have nursed the sick, comforted the bereaved, buoyed up the discouraged and disconsolate, nourished the hungry, clothed the naked, and even tenderly prepared the dead for burial.

But there is even greater significance attached to the proposed Relief Society memorial. We believe that in the near future thousands of visitors who come to Temple Square will pause before this tie between the past and the present and, as they view this old bell which has been in our midst longer than the memory of any living man, they will be impressed as the guide recites the early history of the Church. Thus, this priceless possession will continue to play well its part. And, since the story of our organization will be included, our influence for good will extend on and on in ever-widening circles.

SNOW

Dott J. Sartori

This white peace silencing the hills
Is to heal the scars of parting
On mother hearts and mountains
Until a new spring's starting.

EVA WILLES WANGSGAARD

Brave, Privileged Feet

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

First Prize

When I remember that a century
Has gone as wind-caught apple blossoms go
Since Joseph said, "To you I turn the key.
From this time forth intelligence shall flow,
And womanly, united hearts be bent
Toward charity. Let mercy be your shield
In bringing pain relief, the poor content;
And keep all doings in your bosoms sealed."
I feel the magnitude of this great plan
For human betterment—sense growth and scope.
To know of unpaid legions serving man
Sans thought of birth or creed gives me new hope
For this sad world by force and ignorance rocked—
Brave, privileged feet on paths that Jesus walked!

VESTA PIERCE CRAWFORD

ZELLA A. JOHNSON

Spacious Century, 1842-1942

Vesta Pierce Crawford

Second Prize

Wait but a moment in the sun of time
Before the portals of the past are furled,
While eager eyes appraise thy girth of years—
O spacious century that changed the world.

Thy rhythm has been phrased to liberty
With an insistent echo like a bell
That strikes a measured music in the heart,
With only wide and lumined words to tell.

There is no border to a dream—no end.
It was for land beyond the silver dawn
That questing wagons braved the barrier plain
And found uncharted space to build upon.

Thy reaching freedom was a voice so strong
It swept the strength of racial bonds away
And gave the spirit greater latitude
To rear the structure of a better day.

And yet the social dream—the great ideal—
Could find no gentle shaping of its goal
Until the hands of women molded time
To give the swiftly changing world a soul!

O spacious century that now must pass
And yield the tide into another year,
Thy boundaries are like a heritage—
A wider challenge on the new frontier.

Only faith can beckon to a clearer path,
And only love can loom against the night;
The shining ways of peace can still be found
To move our shadowed orbit into light.

We who wait tomorrow's dawn must see
The law of brotherhood and liberty!

Centennial

Zella A. Johnson

Third Prize

The Master paused, as time rolled back the ages,
To choose a gift, a blessing for the earth.

He marked a golden sheet in history's pages:
"This shall record a boon of greatest worth.
For womankind the world is dark and dreary,
But dawning of a brighter day appears.
The night shall end; this day shall mark for women,
The opening of a glorious hundred years."

One hundred years of light and hope and duty,
One hundred years of giving and of love,
One hundred years of filling life with beauty,
One hundred years of blessing from above.
That was the gift God chose from all his treasures
To cheer the earth and give it life anew;
The key was turned, and blessings without measure
Have flowed to prove a prophet's words are true.

A hundred years He gave to us, my sisters;
But they are gone, and now our prayer He hears.
"O Father, in thy mercy, look upon us,
Help us be worthy of our hundred years.

Teach us, O God, the law of love and patience,
The law of faith and sorrow for our sin;
An understanding heart we crave, our Father,
To help the needy and their friendship win."
The blessing is for all; we are but chosen
To serve the world, to guide and point the way,
Reflect the light which comes to us from heaven,
The dawning of the great Millennial Day.
Teach us the "charity which never faileth",
The love which to our Saviour's heart endears.
Our gratitude we offer for this blessing,
The opening of another hundred years.

Your Power

NOTHING will sustain you more potently than the power to recognize in your humdrum routine, as perhaps it may be thought, the true poetry of life—the poetry of the commonplace, of the ordinary man, of the plain toilworn woman, with their loves and their joys, their sorrows and their griefs.—*Sir William Ostler*

The Praise and Properties of a Good Wife

STRENGTH and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

She looketh well to the ways of her household; and eateth not the bread of idleness. (Proverbs 31:25-27)—*King Lemuel*

THE path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise *behind* her steps, not *before* them.—*Ruskin*

The Noblest Life

THE noblest life is the life that loves, that gives, that loses itself, that overflows, as it were, irrigates the great fields of human anxiety and toil; the warm, hearty, social, helpful life; the life that cheers and comforts, and sustains by its serenity and patience and gratitude.—*Anon.*

Prize-Winning Story

Relief Society Centennial Short Story Contest

ALICE MORREY BAILEY

The Wilderness

Alice Morrey Bailey

First Prize

KATHRYN CLAYTON kept her eyes on the gold-colored draperies of the Relief Society room while the class progressed about her, only dimly aware that the subject was "Neighborliness."

"My neighbors and me," Sister Meade was saying—and Kathryn turned to look at her, a lumpy little woman whose hair was pulled back to an unbeautiful knot on the back of her head—"we are just like one big, happy family. If it's joy or sorrow, we share it."

Kathryn averted her eyes from the woman, and her mind drew fastidiously from this distasteful doctrine.

"When my boy. . . ." Mrs. Meade was saying, but she couldn't go on. After a minute of embarrassing silence she sat down, fumbling for her handkerchief. Everyone knew about her boy—a big hulk of a man, with a little boy's mind; silly from

a fall, some said. He was harmless enough, but Kathryn thought he should have been in an institution long since.

"Sister Clayton, how do you feel about neighbors?" said the class leader with uncanny perception.

Kathryn started, but her confusion was only momentary; she got to her feet.

"I don't care for neighbors," she said, and was aware of a shocked silence in the classroom. "That is," she amended hastily, "it depends on who you consider neighbors. Crowded together as houses necessarily are, one can't choose who lives next door."

One or two nodded agreement, and the rest sat looking at her uncomprehendingly.

"I am a busy woman," she went on. She was, too, with six children, one of them a year-old baby. Thinking of her baby, Sara Lea, her heart gave a leap of pure joy, so that she forgot her surroundings momentarily. Sara Lea, so deliciously dimpled, her blue eyes like larkspur, her hair like silk—a pink and blue and gold baby.

"I am a busy woman," she repeated, recalling herself. "I haven't time to gossip over back fences, waste my own time and that of my neighbors."

She caught sight of Mrs. Meade's face, pink with chagrin, and remembered suddenly that Mrs. Meade lived just two doors from her in their fairly new neighborhood.

"Now I've done it," she thought. "And I wouldn't hurt anyone's feelings willingly. Perhaps I might have expressed myself better; but, then, they shouldn't have asked me." She thought that maybe she should have kept still and let the class go on, all of one opinion, in sisterly love and kindness.

It wasn't as if she wanted to come to Relief Society meeting, but there had been nothing else to do, the way the president, Sister Beckwith, had approached her: "You are the only one in the ward that can do it, Sister Clayton. We need your lovely voice and your training as a chorister. Our music department was a failure last year."

That had been in September; now it was April, and she had done a good job of her little group of "Singing Mothers," now outstanding in the stake, but she still resented the time it took. It wasn't as if she'd rather play bridge or do some other thing, useless, or even wicked. It was just that she loved her home and her family—every minute of the routine, the busy mornings, the afternoons at her desk, the evenings with Thomas reading under a spot of light in the living room; the girls playing their quiet games, the boys downstairs in the rumpus room; Sara Lea and fat little Dickie right now at home in dreamless baby sleep.

Relief Society had its place in the old days when there was no outlet socially—in the days of Nauvoo, in the days of the pioneer wilderness. Kathryn knew all about the background, and it was a splendid one she freely admitted—black-eyed Emma Smith, turning her house and dooryard into a hospital for victims of the ague in Nauvoo, equal to entertaining the prominent visitors of the Prophet or to conducting Relief Society meetings along parliamentary lines; Eliza R. Snow, intelligent, brilliant, guarding, preserving and

bringing the records of the infant Society across the plains; the establishment anew of the Society in the mountains; lovable Aunt Zina D. Young, who could mother and nurse all the world, traveling through the raw country to organize new branches and to teach the sisters the silk industry from cocoon to the making of a silk lace collar for the wife of the President of the United States.

There was Aunt Bathsheba W. Smith, undaunted in her efforts to build the Society; there was "Aunt Em" and the saving of thousands of bushels of grain (her own mother had helped do that). There was the wonderful work of the women in connection with child welfare, nursing, suffrage, and with building a hospital. There were the mammoth relief programs and the recognition that had been gained in the large women's councils of the world. There was the launching of a magazine in a literary wilderness. Much had been accomplished—all of value then.

But now it was different. There were endless contacts, the best of earth at one's fiingertips, so much of richness that there was not time to assimilate it. There was no need for people to be dependent upon each other for anything. There were specialists for your baby, hospitals for the sick, and culture from its original sources in such abundance that selection was necessary. And Relief Society, Kathryn reflected, looking at the assembled women, was far from being exclusive. None of them, she thought, had anything of value to offer her.

The discussion was considerably livelier; hands were popping up, cheeks flushed with debate. One woman sat in the back saying intermittently: "My neighbor . . . " trying to insert a story that was perpetually interrupted.

After the closing prayer, Sister Beckwith and the class leader approached Kathryn, and she thought, "Now I'm in for it."

"We couldn't do without you, Sister Clayton," the president said warmly. "The Singing Mothers were wonderful at April Conference. Now the stake board wants the chorus to begin on a pageant for the centennial. Can you meet Friday as usual?"

The class leader beamed and said, "Thanks for the lift; the lesson was about to die." Kathryn perceived that the woman was sincerely grateful. She went home feeling somewhat abashed. "Maybe I'm the one who is out of step," she thought.

"WE broke our bean bag," Iris greeted her. "Mother, will you fix it? We picked up all the beans."

"Yes, darling. Are the boys home from school, and how are the babies?"

In three minutes Kathryn had picked up the threads of her housekeeping. The boys were in the basement and Dickie was in the bathroom. Sara Lea was waking up, and she gurgled happily as Kathryn picked her up. She patted her mother with soft little palms and planted big, wet kisses on her cheek.

"Don't put her in her play pen," begged Iris and Dot. "Let us have her in the living room to walk between us."

Kathryn watched a moment as

the girls, their arms outstretched, encouraged Sara Lea to take her unsteady little steps between them. Her heart swelled with deep content. Sara Lea was enchanting in her baby triumph, turning from one to the other. Sara Lea was an enchanting child—her last, Dr. Chalmars had said.

Kathryn looked at the clock. Dinner would be late because of meeting. Thomas would be home in less than an hour. She must hurry. . . .

"Mother! Mother! O Mother!" Kathryn had just finished peeling the potatoes when Iris began to scream. "Quick! The baby!" Dot was wailing in frightened panic, but there was no sound from Sara Lea. Fear gripped Kathryn, weighted her movements.

Sara Lea, stiff in Iris' arms, was fighting for breath. Kathryn swept her up, shaking her frantically, pumping her arms.

"A bean, Mother!" Iris was panting. "She got one of my beans in her mouth!"

"Iris, call Dr. Chalmars quickly and tell him the baby's choking. The number. . . . " But there was no time. Sara Lea's face was growing progressively blacker, and Kathryn felt that she too would suffocate in her effort to help the baby. She rushed out into the street, alternately pounding the baby's back and reaching into her throat with her finger, searching for the bean. "O dear God! Babies die like this!" she cried. "Help me! Oh, help me!"

A car slid in front of her. Sister Beckwith, who took in the scene at a glance, swung open the car door and commanded: "Get in."

Without a word she shifted gears and put her hand on the horn, shooting her car into instant speed. Kathryn knew the woman was driving with the facility of an expert, that she was passing all cars, that they were going at high speed, but it seemed as if they were creeping.

"Dr. Chalmars?" asked Sister Beckwith, not looking aside nor taking her hand from the horn.

"Yes. Medical Building. Hurry! Please hurry!"

"You bet I will! Keep fighting."

"I think she's . . . dying." Kathryn's voice failed on the last word.

"We'll get there."

And, amazingly, they did. Kathryn didn't question it that Dr. Chalmars was on the sidewalk, that he snatched the baby from her and rushed into the elevator, working with her as he did so.

"Express!" he commanded of the operator, and the elevator shot to his floor, ignoring all signals.

Then, suddenly, miraculously, Sara Lea's face was clearing.

"She's breathing," said Dr. Chalmars laconically, and Kathryn almost worshipped him. What a wonderful creation a doctor was! Sister Beckwith slipped a chair under Kathryn's bending knees. A nurse was holding a fluff of cotton under her nose, and the sharp smell of ammonia cleared her head. She must have tried to faint!

"Your neighbor, Mrs. Meade, saw the commotion and ran into your house," Dr. Chalmars was saying in a matter-of-fact way. "She gave me the whole picture over the telephone. That's why I was waiting for you. That extra minute saved your baby's life."

Sara Lea began to cough queerly, and Dr. Chalmars bent over her, ex-

amining her intently. Kathryn searched his eyes.

"Tom!" said Kathryn to no one. "I want Tom."

"I'll get him. I guess there's nothing more I can do here," said Sister Beckwith.

"You saved my baby's life," Kathryn told her. "I'll love you—and Mrs. Meade—as long as there is so much of me as a breath."

Sister Beckwith didn't answer, except to grip Kathryn's hand; and Kathryn, looking into her eyes, saw there an understanding, a kinship as deep as eternity. She wondered how it had escaped her before, how she had ever thought this woman commonplace.

Thomas came, and the doctor, busy with his stethoscope, listening first to one side of Sara Lea's chest, then to the other, barely glanced at him.

"I met Sister Beckwith downstairs," Thomas explained. "Sister Meade telephoned me at the office. I'd have been gone in another five minutes."

Dr. Chalmars straightened and removed the stethoscope from his ears.

"The bean," he said, "has apparently gone on down past the trachea and lodged in the bronchial tube, closing off the left chest. "We'll have to do a bronchoscopy."

A bean in Sara Lea's lung! One read of such things in the newspapers—of babies in Tennessee or North Dakota getting safety pins, of swift airplane rides and emergency operations. But such things didn't happen here — not to one's own baby! Kathryn looked at Dr. Chalmars in horror.

"There's only one man here who can do it. Dr. Howard—very competent."

"When should it be done?" Thomas asked, his face white.

"The sooner, the better!" Dr. Chalmars was already dialing Dr. Howard's number, already making arrangements at the hospital for an "emergency operation — bronchoscopy."

IT was a nightmare of time, waiting outside the operating room while the smell of ether pervaded the corridors, jumping up every time a nurse whipped briskly through the swinging doors — time that swam, that seemed to have no end, to have had no begininng. Sara Lea was back in the room, though, moaning with returning consciousness before Kathryn thought of the children at home.

"Tom! The children! It's past their bedtime, and I forgot dinner."

"The boys. . . . " Tom began vaguely. But the boys had never had to get a meal in their lives.

"I'd better telephone," said Kathryn.

A woman's voice answered, the voice of her visiting teacher, Sister Andrews, serene and heart warming.

"I fed them all," she said. "And they are all asleep. Sister Beckwith sent me. I told them stories and kept them from being frightened. I can stay all night if you want me to, and I'll get them off to school in the morning."

"Bless you!" said Kathryn from the bottom of her heart. "If you only would."

"Don't worry about a thing here," said the woman. "Sister Beckwith said she could get you a good woman

to come in, if you want one, through the Relief Society agency."

Kathryn hadn't thought of that. "We'll see," she said. "They got the bean, and Dr. Chalmars says that Sara Lea will have a quick recovery."

But Sara Lea didn't have a quick recovery. It was on the third day that she developed pneumonia, that her fever was soaring dangerously, hour by hour, until her short breathing filled the room, and she moaned in coma. It was clear that nothing was helping her, none of the fine care, none of the magic science. Kathryn was filled with the slow grip of fear, crystallizing into a knowledge that Sara Lea, so precious and beautiful, was going to die.

Kathryn left the hospital for only necessary and flying trips home, and on these occasions it was always the same. Though the woman sent by the Society agency was installed, there were endless messages, endless gifts—cakes, flowers, salads — mute wishes for good. There were loaves of bread, fragrant and fat, fresh eggs —all poured from a bounty of love, brought by the Relief Society sisters.

People she scarcely knew were concerned about Sara Lea. Even Mrs. Meade's poor, big boy brought flowers he had wandered in the hills to pick "because you sing so pretty," he said. Kathryn was amazed and touched that all the love, the good wishes, the faith fused into a very real power, almost a tangible force, a support that kept her and Tom going through the awful days—kept them ashamed to admit defeat.

On the day that even the doctors shook their heads in scientific despair, Sister Beckwith came to Kathryn in the hospital corridor. Kathryn, answering her look of inquiry, could not speak, but swiftly and suddenly wept in this kind woman's arms, while the worn, old phrases fell like petals about her head — "keep up your faith"; "we're all praying for you"; "have faith"; "have faith!"

Kathryn went back into the room without any light of faith in this wilderness of fear. Doubt rose about her like tall trees. Fear tore at her feet like tangled vines, pressed down like fog, shrieked at her like savages. In that little room her baby fought a losing battle with death, and Tom looked at her through haggard eyes, hopeless in his own wilderness of fear.

But suddenly the bishop was there, and his counselors. Kind, sweet men, whose faces seemed to shine with an inner strength, alien to this room.

"Sister Beckwith thought you needed us to administer to your baby."

"We do! We do!"

They went through the ritual in clear, positive tones. Tom's hand gripped hers as they listened to the prayer: " . . . anoint you with this oil . . . rebuke this disease . . . make whole in every particular . . . that she may grow to young womanhood," phrase upon phrase, building a tower of faith. Kathryn's faith soared with their voices, free of fear. Sara Lea was going to get well! Sara Lea was going to get well! She looked at Thomas. He knew it, too. The room was suddenly bright, suddenly sane.

That night Sara Lea slept, her baby skin cooling in fine dew. The doctors, coming in the morning, looked at her in surprised wonder.

THE first Tuesday after the baby was pronounced out of danger was testimony day, and Kathryn arose.

"My dear sisters," she began, looking about at them, their dear, plain faces, so beautiful in individual strength. "I thought that Relief Society had been only useful in the days when our country was raw and new, and people were dependent on each other for soap and candles and fire, but there's a different kind of wilderness. When my baby. . . . "

She stopped, and tears blurred her vision, pain thickened her throat. She wanted to go on, to tell them of the wilderness of fear, and how their faith had reached out to her when she was in it, but she couldn't go on, nor had she need. Every woman there knew what she meant.

"What I could never understand," she said to Sister Beckwith afterward, "was how you came to be in front of my house when I needed you."

"Nor I," confessed Sister Beckwith. "I ought to have been home getting Bob's supper, but I had such a feeling you needed me, and I was going to tell you not to bother with that pageant. I thought we must have been overworking you."

"Next September," promised Kathryn, "I'll be back, and don't you leave me out of anything!"

THE RHYTHM OF THE BAND

Marjorie Rust

There's a murmur in the distance like the sound of marching feet
That strikes a chord within my soul in answer to each beat.
And my heart pounds out the rhythm, and I'm swaying where I stand
Before I'm even conscious it's the rhythm of the band.
And I watch to see them coming, fearful lest I lose a sound
Or fail to catch each movement of their feet along the ground.
Men in uniforms pass by me, shoulders back, and heads held high—
A unity of color and of rhythm passing by.
From the shrilling of the flutes to the droning of the bass
I eagerly await each note, scarce moving from my place.
While through the melody of clarinets, the trombone's joyous hum,
I listen for the tempo set by cymbal and by drum;
And I want to follow after, heed the call of each glad strain,
But something seems to hold me back—I know I must remain.
Yet never moving, never stirring, dazed as in a dream I stand.
Till distance swallows up both form and rhythm of the band .

Women And The Church

Elder Stephen L Richards

Member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles

(Condensed Address, Relief Society Conference, October 2, 1941)

I AM taking the liberty of again calling attention to the task before us of making proper preparation for the Utah State Centennial in 1947. I am beginning to fear that the good resolutions formed in the well-conceived plan set forth a couple of years ago have to some extent been sidetracked by war talk and defense considerations and other matters. Of course, the national emergency must have the right-of-way, but I think it is a mistake at this stage to drop the plan for beautification of our country which gave such promise a little while ago. I think, too, that no group of our citizenry or our Church membership can and will do more to further this worthy cause than the women. This is so because the chief aspect of beautification centers around the home. The women are the chief homemakers, and I believe they have the highest and best developed sense of artistic appreciation. This theme will also afford me some latitude to say something about the home, which, I confess, is a favorite subject.

I can scarcely think of anything more appropriate than the beautification plan sponsored by our Church and the Centennial Commission as a tribute to the Pioneers and their heroic struggle. They loved this land. It was at once their refuge, their home and their destiny. They called it Zion because that word most nearly characterized the Utopia of safety, peace, progress and achievement which they sought to establish. And a real Zion it was to the thousands of sincere and ardent men and women who gathered here from many nations to find expression for the loftiest ideals and noblest purposes ever to be found in the human soul.

This country was beautiful when the Pioneers first came. It was virgin territory. The hills, the streams, the forests and the plains were lovely, just as nature always is until marred by the hand of man. It has taken nearly a century to demonstrate the natural beauty of the country which the Pioneers chose. It may be that they themselves did not realize that it was possessed of so many marvelous scenic attractions which have come in for appreciation in recent years. It is doubtful that the variety, the grandeur and the novelty of our natural scenery can be duplicated within equal space anywhere in the entire world.

What a strange paradox it seems that civilization should be unbeautiful. To the lover of nature, every landscape, even the desert and waste places, has charm and attraction until man digs a hole, builds a shack, erects a telegraph pole or a smokestack. But civilization need not and should not be ugly. Man's construction can beautify rather than deface nature if there is the will, the energy and the art to make it so.

Even commercial and industrial

structures and appliances can be made good looking. It is noticeable that railroad stations, once grimy and unsightly affairs, are now frequently embellished with bits of lawn, shrubs, flowers, trees and sometimes with pleasing architecture in elaborate settings. Factories, power houses and other plants, once bare and forbidding, are now covered with vines set in pleasant landscapes, with adequate exposure to light, air and sunshine. These transformations in the commercial world give warrant to the hope that some day we shall have beauty in business and that it will be a disgrace for any enterprise to be conducted in ugly surroundings.

THE chief consideration and the problems, however, in this beautification program probably lie with homes, churches, schools and other public properties. In the interest of competition, business institutions may be pretty well relied upon to go forward with artistic improvements, but what can be relied upon to move the home owners, the churchgoers and the school patrons to do their part in this worthy endeavor?

I believe that nothing but a wholesome, individual and community pride will accomplish the task. To stimulate that pride, it is necessary to understand and appreciate the real values involved. I wish I could say something to enhance that understanding and appreciation.

I revert to the first item which I mentioned—we live in a remarkably beautiful country. Our scenery is now being exploited. It is true that in the main this is done for commercial reasons, but, nevertheless, all the people are beneficiaries of the wide advertising and the increased tourist travel which such exploitation brings. From a purely monetary standpoint, it is the poorest kind of business to spoil the landscape that we are trying so hard to sell. Every dirty, unkept, unpainted, and shabby home; every unsightly outbuilding; every old corral and fallen fence; every scraggly, dead tree; every barren and forbidding schoolhouse and church and courthouse with broken windows, curled shingles and other evidences of neglect; every littered and weedy vacant lot, street and highway is a definite liability against the credit asset of this productive tourist traffic we are striving so hard to get. Chambers of Commerce, civic clubs, and other agencies engaged in its promotion need, more than anything else, cooperation.

Now this is the business side of the question. I want to present another aspect of equal, if not superior, importance—the aesthetic. I believe that all people are by nature endowed with something of a love for the beautiful in their hearts, and it needs but cultivation and encouragement to develop it into one of the loveliest aspects of living. Almost all are sensitive to color, to form and symmetry, so that good architecture and good landscaping with trees, flowers, shrubs and lawns have a very appreciable effect, even though sometimes unconsciously, upon all persons.

The love of home is one of the great virtues of the race, and undoubtedly the beauty of home has done much to stimulate that love. It's very fortunate that it doesn't take much money to indulge aes-

thetic tastes, particularly in the care of a home. Cleanliness and neatness are the chief requirements, and personal energy, ambition and pride can supply these. The humblest cottage can be a lovely place, a haven of refuge and a constant delight if it is but kept neat and tidy and clean.

I think of all implements that make for homely beauty there is none that compares with the broom and the rake. Well-swept floors and porches and well-raked yards never yet failed to bring their thrill of satisfaction and pride.

Next in importance to a neat yard is a green and colorful one. Any house, great or small, attains its real attraction and beauty in a setting which nature, with a little human effort, provides. What a pity it is not to take advantage of this kindly provision of nature when it costs so little and means so much. What a marvelous boon is mother earth! How abundantly she yields of her hidden chemicals and nutriments to make the verdure and the vegetation that gladden and support the race. Oh, for just a little labor and not much money to make the soil that we have taken from nature's domain and enclosed around our houses, beautiful and attractive!

I have said this much about aesthetic considerations in the hope of encouraging our home people to make the most of their opportunities. If every man and woman who lives in a home would embellish it to the best of his or her ability I should feel little concerned about public buildings and property. There would be such pride engendered by these home-loving people that they would not permit the meetinghouse and the schoolhouse to suffer in comparison with their homes.

Here a little cooperation will bring the desired results. The contribution of a few hours of labor with perhaps a little cash will landscape the meetinghouse and transform it from a bleak and barren structure into a beautiful and inviting edifice nestled among trees, shrubs and lawns. The same may be said of the schoolhouse except that the school authorities are chiefly responsible, and their responsibility for an ill-kept, forbidding and ugly schoolhouse is not so much to the town or community whose civic pride is hurt, as to the children, the boys and girls, who all through their lives will carry the impressions of ugliness which their surroundings inflict upon them.

The converse of what I have said is also true; namely, that beautifully landscaped and attractive churches, schools and other public buildings will do much to stimulate better care of homes and all private property. In fact, nothing can be done to stir and encourage the aesthetic sense in any aspect of our surroundings and our living without promoting generally a more beautiful world.

I WILL turn your attention to another aspect of this subject. I am sure that beauty is intimately associated with pure religion. I believe that our Father in Heaven is a God of order and of beauty. I doubt if any rational being ever entertained a concept of God, that is, as a personal Being, except in surroundings of beauty and exquisite loveliness. We so envisage heaven.

We, as a church, believe and so declare that in the end the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisiac-

al glory. When this is done it will be beautiful and glorious beyond finite conception. This being our doctrine, do you think it becoming in God's children to deface the earth while we sojourn here? Being the stewards and custodians of the resources which are committed to us, have we not an obligation to use them, preserve them, and return them in the best possible condition of which our circumstances will permit? I think upon reflection you will say that we have such an obligation and that it is very definitely our task to make God's footstool as beautiful as we may. For "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," and the righteous "and their generations shall inherit the earth from generation to generation forever and forever."

What a delightful abode this good earth could be if we would but make it so! If neighbors all had flower gardens and gossip centered around daffodils, lilacs and petunias, there would be far more kindliness and sympathy in the world. Even the thorns of roses do not irritate the soul.

Need I say more to persuade us that every consideration—business, aesthetic and religious—constrains our people to take the lead in this worthy cause of beautifying the land? I understand that expert advice will be made available in the laying out of grounds, in planting and in other features calculated to reach the objectives of the program. With this aid, our efforts will be successful if only our interest and our energy are sufficient.

What if our great and wise pioneer leader, Brigham Young, should return on the hundreth anniversary of his entrance into this the Salt Lake Valley? How it would please him and thrill his noble soul to find the cities, the towns and villages which he planned so well and strove so diligently and courageously to found, all in the bloom of midsummer, with farms and fields laden with maturing crops, with pastures and hills dotted with flocks and herds, with factories, business blocks, public buildings, schools and churches reflecting the vast development in enterprise, culture and religion which he so earnestly advocated. Then, too, most thrilling of all, if he could find thousands of contented homes, nestled in the shade of myriads of trees growing out of lawns, shrubs and fragrant flowers, all neat and clean, the habitation of an honest, thrifty, God-loving, joyous people—and all this in the desert valleys which he first saw, now transformed and beautified by the enterprise and the idealism of the generations that followed him! Surely the cup of his gratitude would be running over.

Why may it not be so? What more worthy and fitting tribute could we offer to those patient, devoted men and women whose courage, whose intelligence and whose labor have bequeathed to us the priceless heritage we now enjoy?

God grant that our love, our gratitude and our veneration may find tangible expression in beauty—beauty of life and surroundings.

There's Always A New Beginning

Mary Ek Knowles

CLARA showed Henry the fur coat as he was getting ready to leave for work. She took it out of the silver box beneath the bed, slipped it over her flowered housecoat and posed in the doorway of the large old-fashioned kitchen, her hands held out, her blond hair golden above the shiny black fur.

"Well," she said, "do you like it?" There was defiance in her tone as she consciously braced herself for the outburst that was sure to follow; and there were carefully-thought-out arguments on the tip of her tongue.

But there was no outburst. Henry Jones stopped in the act of zipping up his woolen jacket, and his brown eyes looked at the coat and then at Clara. He was standing by the window, and in the cold light of the winter morning his face looked weary, lined.

"So you got it after all," he said in a quiet voice, then he put on his hat, picked up his lunch bucket and went out. The closing of the door had a final muffled sound to it.

Clara's hands dropped to her side. Her look of antagonism gave way to one of perplexity. He hadn't even waited for her to tell him how they could make the payments! In fact, he hadn't even seemed interested.

Henry's fur-lined, leather gloves lying on the cupboard caught her attention. She picked them up and hurried to the window.

Henry had almost reached the front gate. He walked slowly down the neatly-shoveled path, his head bowed to the stiff winter wind, his hands in his pockets, his shoulders hunched up and close together as if to conserve the heat of his body.

Clara's conscience pricked her. She should not have insisted on keeping the car today. There was nothing she really needed it for. The walk to the Amalgamated Factory where Henry worked was a long one, the weather was bitter cold, and Henry's breakfast had been very light. He would be thoroughly chilled by the time he reached work.

As Henry reached the gate, Clara held the gloves up, expecting him to turn and wave to her. But he did not look back smiling, and suddenly Clara realized, with a bit of a shock, that it had been a long time since Henry had kissed her good-by, a very long time since they had gone through the little morning ritual of Henry waving good-by to her and she blowing a kiss to him.

She felt a sudden, crazy impulse to open the door, call Henry back and feel his strong arms about her. Then Overman's house next door blocked out Henry's solid frame, and the shrill whistle of a freight engine cut the winter stillness, and the impulse passed.

She tossed the gloves back on the cupboard and sat down at the small kitchen table. She was a young woman—not young in the glowing wide-eyed way that twenty is young, but still young. Her hair shown like molten gold in the light; her skin was firm and smooth; her dark lashes were long. In fact she would have been a very pretty woman were it not for the tight, nervous look in

her face, the discontented droop of her red mouth.

She returned to her breakfast. Henry might have said something more than just, "So you got it after all." True they had threshed the matter out last Saturday night, and Henry had shown her—all the while making neat little columns of figures on the back of an envelope—that they could not afford a fur coat, any kind of a fur coat. But that was before she had talked to Mr. Solomon. He had made the terms so easy—no money down, just three dollars a month until May. By that time the living room set would be paid for, and they could increase the payments on the coat.

Clara pushed her breakfast aside and got up. One thing she knew: She would not take the coat back —no matter what Henry said: no matter if it took the rest of their lives to pay for it!

She walked into the bedroom and stood before her dressing table mirror. Her slim hands caressed the fur. A fur coat was not a luxury; it was an investment. One shouldn't figure the initial cost only, but the many years of service the coat would give, she told herself neatly, systematically, in the very words that Mr. Solomon had used in selling the coat to her.

Her mind shied away from the stark truth. Tomorrow was Vida King's swanky tea, and she, Clara Jones, had reached a point where she could no longer bear the sight of her drab, black-and-white tweed coat lying among the glistening fur ones.

Through the open bedroom door, she could see the living room and the dining room beyond. Her house, left to them by Henry's father, was in the wrong part of town. It was old-fashioned with big, high-ceilinged rooms. Her dining room set was cheap, veneered wood and her living room set was shabby before it had been paid for. The silver in the buffet drawer was inexpensive plateware. All were imitations of the real thing. But this fur coat was real. It was not dyed rabbit, but the real thing, as good or better than the other women's coats.

The jingle of the telephone in the kitchen cut into her thoughts, and she hurried through the hallway, picked up the receiver and said, "Hello!"

A man's heavy voice answered. "Is this the Henry Jones residence?"

"Yes. This is Mrs. Jones."

"Does your husband work for the Amalgamated Factory?"

Cold apprehension clutched at Clara's heart. "Yes," she answered.

"This is Officer Pliny, Mrs. Jones." The heavy voice almost seemed to soften. "Your husband has been seriously injured in a traffic accident, and the ambulance has taken him to the Mercy Hospital."

For a stunned moment Clara did not speak, but just stood there by the door, the receiver held tightly in her hand, her blue eyes looking around the room, seeing nothing until they came to rest on Henry's leather gloves on the cupboard.

They were old gloves—shabby gloves. Henry had bought them the winter after they were married. She recalled one cold night walking home from a double feature at "The Star"; she had put her hand in Henry's big overcoat pocket, and his gloved hand had closed protectingly and warmly over her cold one. The

seam of the first finger in the left glove had come unsewed. Henry had asked her to fix it, but somehow she had never found the time.

"Mrs. Jones! Mrs. Jones!" The insistent voice at the other end of the line brought her back to the present. "Are you still there? Do you hear me?"

"Yes." It seemed to Clara that she shouted the word. Yet her voice, when it squeezed past the lump in her throat, was scarcely more than a whisper. "Yes, I'm coming right away."

THERE was a waiting room next to "Emergency." It was a small room with white, bare walls. There was a narrow table, a straight-backed bench, a brown rocking chair, an uncurtained window against which the wind blew icy sleet with a sharp, stinging sound.

Clara sat on the edge of the bench, every nerve taut, her head to one side, a listening look on her face. Once she got up quickly and hurried to the door of the operating room, her gloved hands held out in front of her as if to push the white, swinging door open. But when she reached the door, her hands dropped to her side. The closed doors, the quiet sounds coming from the room beyond, told her that here drama was being enacted in which she could play no part.

She turned and walked back to the bare, white-walled room and sank down on the hard bench. In that moment she felt old and beaten; the warm blood of life seemed drained from her limbs, her lips were dry and parched.

There was nothing, the nurse at the desk had told her, that she could do, but wait. The doctor was performing an emergency operation. All that could be done was being done. Her gray eyes had told Clara more. Henry was badly injured.

Wait and think and wonder — wonder at the change that had come over her and Henry. Now it seemed almost unbelievable that Henry had left for work without so much as a backward glance, and that she hadn't even cared.

Time was when she had walked to the gate with Henry, and he had kissed her frankly and unashamedly before the eyes of all who cared to look; and she had run back to the house, her step light, her heart singing.

The memory was so poignant that Clara knew a pain so keen that she put her gloved hand to her lips to keep from crying out.

What then had happened to their marriage?

Somehow it all seemed to date back to that summer afternoon when she met Vida King—who had been Vida Smogg—on the street in town. Clara and Vida had been chums in their Westford High School days. Then Vida had married Paul King, moved away, and Clara had lost track of her. Now Vida was back in Westford and was very glad to meet Clara.

They had had lunch at "The Penguin" — tall, cool drinks and crisp leafy sandwiches. They had talked and laughed over old times. It was all so luxurious, so cool and restful, such fun. Vida King was still Vida Smogg who had lived on Appleton Street, despite the flashing dinner ring on her right hand, the white tailored suit and straw hat that looked like somethink out of *Vanity*

Fair. Paul was doing splendidly, Vida had said. He was manager of the Alexander Advertising Agency now. And what was Henry doing?

Suddenly Clara had been a little frightened by it all—the purr of the air conditioner; the string quartet playing heavenly background music; Vida across the table from her, crisp and cool and confident. She became painfully conscious of her white hat and bag—98c each in Barnfield's basement—her green and white polka-dotted dress—$1.98, guaranteed washable.

"Henry is Sales Manager for the Amalgamated Factory," she lied.

Clara got up now and walked over to the window. Henry a sales manager! Henry who walked to work, his lunch bucket under his arm! Henry who entered the side door of the factory and became suddenly just another worker among the thousands of other workers! O Henry, my dear, forgive me.

She pressed her burning cheek against the cold window pane. She needn't have lied. Vida wouldn't have cared. She could have said, "You and Paul have been very successful, Vee! You're way out of our class. We still live across the railroad tracks on Wichita Street."

But she couldn't go back and live the afternoon over. The words had been spoken, never to be recalled.

Clara closed her eyes. That chance meeting had led to other meetings. Her head spun, remembering. The thing had been like a snowball rolling downhill, sweeping everything before it: first, lunching informally with Vida in her new home on Gramercy Heights; then, "Come over next Wednesday, Clara, I want you to meet the girls"; luncheons, matinees, theater parties, teas, had followed; then, "It's my turn to entertain next week, Vida. . . ." That had meant new furniture to dress up the old house, new clothes, the bill from Carters.

That bill had been the cause of her first real quarrel with Henry. Standing now by the window, Clara remembered that quarrel. Henry had looked at the bill and given a long, low whistle.

"$17.50 for a hat, Clara!" he had exclaimed. "What's it made of, spun gold?"

"No, silly! It's an original Carrol model," she had shot back, a sharp edge to her voice, "and that isn't so much to pay. Vida King never pays less than $25 for a hat!"

Henry's quiet look had been keen and searching. "Phil King makes at least four times the salary I do, Clara. Better stay in your own back yard, honey."

Clara buried her face in her cold hands as if to shut out the memories, but they came crowding in upon her, vivid, real. The day they had quarreled over the hat, a slow burning resentment had started. The rest was forgivable—a woman's foolishness, a childish desire to "be somebody"—but not the resentment. Resentment against easy-going, good-natured Henry, the dilapidated secondhand car that had to be humored into starting, the old house with its wooden front porch, its ornate fireplace, its dark pantry—this was the thing that could not be forgiven.

Clara lifted her face and looked out into the winter day. Had Henry felt her resentment and been hurt by it? She remembered one evening not long ago when she had

looked up from a novel to find Henry watching her. At the time, the look of sadness in his face had irritated her. Now it haunted her. She remembered Henry as he walked down the neatly-shoveled path that morning. His step had been that of a condemned man. A man who had just been condemned to three years of hard labor—to pay for a fur coat.

There was a sound of doors opening, of rubber-soled shoes on smooth floors. Clara turned, her hands clenched tightly together. If only Henry could live long enough for her to tell him how much she loved him, to beg his forgiveness!

There were four nurses in the hallway outside the operating room; there were two doctors, a tall one with glasses, and a short, heavy-set one. And there was Henry lying very still on the long, white cart, his body covered with a white sheet, his head swathed in bandages.

Clara said, "I'm Mrs. Henry Jones." She felt like a child speaking a piece.

The tall doctor with the glasses nodded. "The patient is not out of the anesthetic yet." There was no lifting note of encouragement in his voice.

The pitiful moans and mumblings of the ether-dazed, half-conscious man wrung Clara's heart. She wanted to cry, "O Henry, Henry, my own darling!" She wanted to run to him, take him in her arms and pillow his head against her breast. Instead she stood for a tense little moment off by herself before she walked to Henry's side.

As she looked closely at him, an icy sensation of shock, as if someone had dashed cold water in her face, raced up her spine. She looked up quickly, bewilderment clouding her face, her blue eyes questioning.

"This man is not my husband!" she cried.

The doctors and nurses looked from one to the other.

"Not your husband?" someone said.

Clara shook her head. Her "no" was scarcely more than a whisper.

Then the doctors and nurses were all talking at once, but quietly.

"But his identification card read, 'Henry Jones, Amalgamated Factory,'" the short doctor told her.

"Oh, don't you see!" Clara's hands held tight to the side of the cart, and she was both laughing and crying at the same time. "It's a case of mistaken identity. The Amalgamated Factory employs thousands of men. There could be a dozen named Henry Jones. It's quite a common name. This is not my Henry."

She turned suddenly and almost ran down the long hall to the stairway at the end, only to sink down on the second step, all strength gone from her body, her cheek pressed against the cold, smooth wall. Tears ran unchecked down her face. It wasn't Henry Jones. Her Henry was well and strong. He would come walking up the path tonight just as the 6:15 express blew its whistle, and he'd open the back door and call, "Hi, Clara!" and life would go on as before.

But no—not as before! The tears stopped, and Clara became very quiet and solemn inside. They couldn't go back and live life over, correct all the mistakes that had been made. But they could go forward. There was always a new beginning!

Warmth flowed back into Clara's body, and she got to her feet. Fate had given her marriage a new lease, and she would make the most of it!

Clara's hands were steady as she returned the fur coat to its tissue bed and tied the cord in a tight knot on the silver, oblong box. There was no regret, no sadness in her heart as she returned the coat simply but very firmly to Mr. Solomon. There was only eagerness—eagerness to get back to the house on Wichita Street.

THE red brick house on Wichita Street had never been more than that to Clara—just a house. Now it suddenly became a home—their home, Henry's and hers, the home in which they would rear a family. Now she saw the wooden front porch in terms of restful shade on sultry summer afternoons where she could sit with her mending while Henry puttered around in the garden. She saw the pantry in terms of shelf after shelf of carefully bottled fruit and glasses of sparkling clear jams and jellies.

For dinner she prepared a meal she knew Henry liked, a dinner she "hadn't had time to fix" for ever so long—roast beef, mashed potatoes and gravy, buttered peas, fruit salad, and apple pie. She pushed the dining-room table close to the fireplace set it carefully with her best linen and silver, then she built a fire in the fireplace and stood back with a feeling of pride. It was, she decided, a grand fireplace with a proper, well-built flue that sent the flames roaring up the chimney and warmth to every corner of the room.

Henry's words, spoken so often that Clara had ceased to hear them, came back to her now with new meaning. "There's nothing fancy about the place, Clara. It's just an ordinary home, but it is well built. The walls are three bricks thick, the stone foundation is firm and solid. They don't build houses like this anymore, honey."

Clara sat down in the big armchair and gazed reflectively into the flames. The house was like Henry—old-fashioned, dependable, blessedly substantial.

She admitted to herself now what she had always known—that Henry would never be a great financial success. Some men were destined to rise to spectacular success with the speed of a shooting star, others to slow, quiet, uneventful lives. Henry was like that. And she was glad.

Wearily, Clara leaned back and closed her eyes and a great peace, a great quiet filled her heart. It was as if she had been climbing a steep hill with a heavy burden on her back, and now the burden was gone, and she could rest by the roadside. No more need to keep up pretense. From now on she was Mrs. Henry Jones who lived on Wichita Street. There was dignity and quiet pride in being just what you were.

The sound of footsteps on the porch and the opening of the front door roused Clara. She arose to her feet as Henry walked into the living room.

A moment he hesitated, and his quick glance took in the table set before the fireplace, the sparkle of silver and glass. His tired shoulders lifted.

It is little that a man like Henry asks, Clara thought—a good meal at the end of the day, a smile, a tender

kiss. Only these, and he will serve his love to the end of his days.

Henry looked toward the kitchen and sniffed the tempting aroma of roast beef, then his dark eyes held Clara's eyes for a long hushed moment.

"Hi, Clara," he said.

"Hi, Henry, my dear." And suddenly she was in Henry's arms crying against his woolen jacket.

Henry's strong arms about her tightened. "Clara, Clara, what's the matter, honey?" Then his hold relaxed, and there was a little eternity before he spoke again, and all the gladness was gone from his voice. "If it's the fur coat, Clara, I can borrow. . . ."

"O Henry, I don't want the coat. I took it back. I just want you and the life you can give me. Hold me tight, Henry, and never let me go."

THE SECOND MILE

Gertrude Perry Stanton

The first mile was not easy, Lord. The man
Who asked that I should bear him company
To share his burden, speed him on his way,
Dealt not in kindly speech or friendly smile,
No vestige of appreciation showed.
His churlish manner, habit of complaint,
Made long the way. Although my tasks I left,
He claimed the helpful service as his due;
So when the mile was past, I almost turned,
Relieved, to journey home.
Then came the thought
Of Thy great love and sacrifice for me;
Freely I had received, and thus should give.
Who gives to others only what he must,
Gives not at all.
So I went on again;
And something sweet awakening in me stirred
As if it were a song within my heart;
The load no longer seemed a drudgery.
And now I thank Thee, Lord, that I have learned
The blessedness that lights the second mile.

Fashions Of Yesterday

FASHION notes of the nineteenth century have become of particular interest to Relief Society women in planning for the approaching centennial. The following is a digest of fashion notes of yesterday taken from *The American Costume Book* by Frances H. Haire:

Fashions of the middle nineteenth century (1840-1870) were many and varied. The century started gaily, with skirts measuring from five to eight yards in circumference. These were worn with a tight-fitted basque which was usually separate from the skirt. The basque buttoned or hooked up the entire front or back with the closing decorated by buttons or braid loops. Basques usually dipped in front, but were sometimes made to dip to a point in the back.

Sleeves either puffed at the top and ended in a bell-shaped flare, with tight, fitted undersleeves, or they reversed the process and started sleek and close fitting and flared out to a bell-shape finish with undersleeves in the form of a puff secured at the wrist with a tight-fitting band.

Hoops were extensively worn during the first half of the period.

Hats were poke bonnets, either large or small, made of quilted silk, usually of the same material as the dress, or of leghorn straw decorated with plumes, flowers, and ribbons.

Jewelry was very popular. This was the day of black onyx jewelry pieces, and "sets" consisting of earrings, brooch, and bracelets won popular acclaim. Jewelry was apt to be massive and heavy, but pleasing to the eye because of its beautiful design. Cameos were numerous, and the locket whose hinged door opened upon the tintype picture of some beloved face was a general favorite.

Shoes were not high heeled; an inch was the proper height, although some party slippers had the heel curved similar to the more recent "baby French heel." Footwear was usually of black leather except for party use, when silk slippers of light shades were highly prized.

Shawls were very popular for outdoor wear, as were capes and semi-fitted cloaks with sleeves. Tiny sunshades or parasols also won favor.

IN the latter nineteenth century the small head and shoulder silhouette became the fashion order of the day. Flares and decorations therefore came below the elbow on all fashionable garments. Skirts were made longer in the back to serve both as a train and to accommodate the bustle. The fullness of the skirt cascaded over the bustle, leaving the straight front so popular during this period. Large jet buttons were generously used as decorative features.

Gloves and shoes were snug fitting. Black kid gloves and black patent leather shoes with cloth tops, either laced or in the newer button style, became ultrafashionable.

The hair during this period was dressed away from the ears, making some sort of ear decoration appear necessary. Earrings and eardrops therefore became popular. Little

(*Continued on page 73*)

HAPPENINGS

Annie Wells Cannon

To love the Lord and have faith in His infinite mercy gives one courage to meet any emergency.

LADY LOUISE MONTAGU, beautiful daughter of the Duke of Manchester, along with a number of other titled ladies, has been working for months in a London tool factory. She says, "There is no reason for titled women to expect praise or favors; all should serve alike in times like these."

LOTTE LEHMANN, Metropolitan soprano, often called "The first lady of song," said when taking out her American citizenship papers, "America is the only soil on which art can thrive." Lily Pons, French-born artist, and Olivia De Havilland, also foreign-born, seemingly have the same opinion, as they, too, have become American citizens.

MARY LEILA BAELS, when she became the wife of Leopold III, King of the Belgians, was given to understand that only the children of Astrid, Leopold's first wife, could succeed to the throne. That should be the least of her worries.

IVY LOW LITVINOV, wife of the new Soviet ambassador to the United States, is an English-born aristocrat and a woman of distinguished literary attainments. As official hostess at the "Red Embassy" she has one of the most attractive and interesting homes in Washington.

CAROLINE HASLETT, special advisor to Lord Benim and one of England's most important women, is director and organizer of England's Electrical Association. She lectured in the United States this winter on the wartime industrial effort of 4,000,000 British women.

MRS. D. D. RICHARDS, 84, a wheelchair invalid, industriously knits sweaters for the soldier boys; while Sarah Chapel Bennett, 97, Jane T. Bleak, 96, and Julia D. Rawlins, 90, remarkable for their longevity and activity, received honors recently on their respective birthdays.

ISABEL WHITNEY SEARS, 93, who died last month, was born in a covered wagon on the bank of City Creek. She was a charter member and past president of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers. Another prominent daughter of Utah pioneers who died recently was Maud Rosalie Driggs Christensen, 64, an ardent worker in Church and civic affairs. Minnie Horne James, another pioneer daughter and Relief Society worker, also died last month.

ANNE PARISH'S new book *Pray for Tomorrow*, and *Windswept* by Mary Ellen Chase are two of the best books from a literary standpoint published last year, while *Boot-Heel Doctor* by Fannie Cook is an interesting sociological novel. *Ellen Spring* by Elizabeth Marion and *Women in Crime* by Florence Monohan, prison warden, are well worth while.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

THE GENERAL BOARD

Amy Brown Lyman - - - - - - President
Marcia K. Howells - - - - - First Counselor
Donna D. Sorensen - - - - - Second Counselor
Vera W. Pohlman - - - - - Secretary-Treasurer

Belle S. Spafford, Anna S. Barlow, Anna B. Hart, Pauline T. Pingree
Vivian R. McConkie, Achsa E. Paxman, Ethel B. Andrew, Alice B. Castleton
Leda T. Jensen, Mary G. Judd, Gertrude R. Garff, Priscilla L. Evans
Rae B. Barker, Luella N. Adams, Leona F. Wintch, Florence J. Madsen
Nellie O. Parker, Marianne C. Sharp, Edith S. Elliott, Ann P. Nibley

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - Belle S. Spafford
Acting Business Manager - - - - - - - - Amy Brown Lyman

Vol. 29 JANUARY, 1942 No. 1

EDITORIAL

Our Centennial

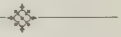
THE year 1942, long awaited as Relief Society centennial year, is now with us. One hundred thousand Relief Society women greet the New Year in readiness for a glorious centennial observance, grateful in their hearts for this Society and their membership in it. For one hundred years this organization has been growing in strength and influence. Today we are reaping a rich harvest from the efforts of the past. Divine inspiration, the far-seeing genius of leading women, the wise counsel of men holding the Priesthood of God, the intelligent devotion and tireless efforts of thousands of Relief Society members have given us a Relief Society structure worthy of recognition. The Society today is strong—strong in numbers, strong in faith, strong in courage, strong in its devotion to the ideal of service to God and man. Backed by a century rich in experience, its power of accomplishment is inestimable.

To be identified with Relief Society in this its centennial year is a privilege, a blessing, and an opportunity. All of the accumulated strength of one hundred years is ours to benefit from and to direct. The world today is in need of such an organization as Relief Society—not only for its humanitarian ministrations, but for the spirit that emanates from it. The spirit and character of Relief Society are the spirit and character which if allowed to penetrate the earth would dispel hate and eliminate war. What a privilege it is to be associated with such an organization and to aid in maintaining this character and extending this influence! The personal benefits derived from membership in the Society are inestimable. In a world at war, with its attendant evils, women who are actively identified with Relief Society find it to be a wellspring of strength, a wise director of activities, a tranquilizer of overwrought nerves, and a solvent of despair. They find it a sustaining, guiding, comforting power.

We are grateful this new year for the inspiration that brought about our Relief Society membership-building program. Thousands of

women have been enlisted as members of the Society during the past four years. Their lives will be strengthened by this membership, and they in turn will lend their individual strength to the important work of the organization.

As we view Relief Society from the vantage point of its centennial year, we acknowledge its greatness. We recognize its history has been one of struggle, but it has also been one of mastery. As we contemplate the past and consider the accomplishments of this Society and the contributions which the past has made to us today, we feel an indebtedness that can only be repaid by making our contribution a worthy one. The future lies ahead of us—great in its need and great in its promise. If every woman identified with this organization in any way—as member or as officer—would take time this centennial year to count the blessings that accrue to her as an individual from this Society, if she would meditate upon the importance of the work of the Society, if she would see the relationship of her individual contribution to the success of the work as a whole, she would honestly and sincerely resolve to put forth greater effort in the interest of the organization; she would rededicate herself to the promotion of its well-being; criticism, faultfinding, and complaining would give way to appreciation, loyalty, and whole-hearted support. Then the present would in no way detract from the past, but would play its part well in helping the Society to go steadily and gloriously forward.



AND TELL OF TIME

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Were you not born within this span of time,
These hurried years that mark our life's estate,
Had I not too been chosen for this clime,
Had I been born a century too late,
Had we not each in our own plan and way
Walked at some time the path that led us here,
Had we not met and known at once that day
That we at last had found each other, dear. . . .

Had we not met, how bleak the world would be!
How drear and meaningless this life of mine.
Yet it is rich and full of ecstasy,
A thing of beauty, sweet and true and fine.
I've lived and loved and learned to feel and see
Because you made your life a part of mine.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Participation of Relief Society in Red Cross Work

THE policy of the General Board with respect to participation of the Relief Society in Red Cross work was printed in the *Relief Society Magazine* for July, 1940, page 470, from which the following excerpts are quoted:

"The policy of the General Board, approved by the First Presidency, with respect to Red Cross calls for funds is to give publicity to them and to encourage members of the Relief Society to respond to such calls, as individuals. This means that the Relief Society would not be used as an agency for the actual collection of funds.

"With respect to sewing in Relief Society meetings for the Red Cross, the present attitude of the Board is that the Relief Society might sew for the Red Cross at the regular monthly work meeting, provided the Society has no sewing to do for the Church welfare program or for the needs of dependent families under the care of the bishop or ward Relief Society."

Now that the United States is actually at war, the General Board recommends that Red Cross sewing be done in the regular monthly work meeting of the Relief Society in addition to the sewing done for the Church welfare program or for the needs of dependent families in the wards. The general increase in membership in Relief Society throughout the Church makes it possible for most local Relief Societies to have part of the group sew for the Church welfare program or for the needs of the wards, and for others of the group to sew or knit for the Red Cross.

Under this plan, women may sew for the Red Cross without missing Relief Society meeting, and a record may be kept of the articles made for the Red Cross in Relief Society meetings.

The new ward record books contain space in the minutes for each monthly work meeting for a record of the number and kinds of articles completed at each month's work meeting. All articles completed for the Red Cross at Relief Society work meetings should be carefully recorded in the column headed "All Other."

Contributions for Relief Society Centennial Memorial Campanile

THE proposed memorial of the Relief Society centennial to be erected on Temple Square in Salt Lake City was first announced at the general conference of Relief Society in October, 1941 (see *Relief Society Magazine*, November, 1941, pages 753 and 769). The following statement is quoted from the announcement at the October conference: "The erection of this tower will cost a considerable sum, and all members of the organization will be given an opportunity to make contributions. From 10 cents to 25 cents has been suggested as a schedule for contribu-

tions, which is within the reach of many of us. Some may desire to give less, and others more. Let it be understood that making donations to this project, however, is an entirely voluntary and personal matter."

The new ward Relief Society record books contain pages for recording the individual contributions of Relief Society members and others for this centennial memorial campanile. Those wishing to make contributions will therefore please hand the amount which they desire to give to the ward Relief Society secretary-treasurer, who will enter in the special section of the ward record book the name of the giver, the date, and the amount of the contribution. This special record of donors to the campanile will be retained in the ward as a permanent record.

Gospel Standards, by President Heber J. Grant

THIS valuable book was compiled by Dr. G. Homer Durham under the direction of John A. Widtsoe and Richard L. Evans and published by the *Improvement Era*. It is a companion volume to *Gospel Doctrine* by President Joseph F. Smith, and to *Brigham Young's Discourses*. With painstaking care and discriminating judgment this material has been selected from the writings and discourses of President Grant. It is arranged into four divisions, or books: Book One, "Religion for the Modern World"; Book Two, "The Church and Society"; Book Three, "The Ministry of Heber J. Grant"; Book Four, "Stories from Life."

Mr. Durham, in his introduction to the book, states: "President Grant has been allowed, as is his frank and honest characteristic, to speak for himself."

This book brings to us in permanent form and in a way that makes easily accessible the wisdom, experience, and inspiration of one of the most impressive and inspiring leaders in the history of the Church—President Heber J. Grant. Every page is both instructive and interesting, but the last one hundred pages devoted to his stories and personal experiences will be read and reread, told and retold for the interest which they hold and for the great lessons which they teach.

Bound Volumes

THOSE desiring to have their 1941 issues of the *Relief Society Magazine* bound, may do so through the office of the General Board. If *Magazines* are furnished with the order, the cost of cloth binding, including index, is $1.50, and the cost of leather binding, including index, is $2.00. There will be an additional charge of $1.00 if *Magazines* are furnished by this office.

Those desiring to bind *Magazines* themselves may purchase materials through this office. A package containing enough material to bind 12 books sells for $3.50; these packages will not be broken in order to sell smaller amounts. Indexes will be furnished free of charge upon request.

The blue Fabricoid binder, into which a total of twelve issues of the *Magazine* may be inserted or removed at will, is still available at 75 cents, postpaid. Those desiring to use the binder in lieu of permanent binding may obtain an index upon request for insertion in the binder.

Address all orders to Relief Society General Board, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Merry-Go-Round

Alice Morrey Bailey

CHAPTER TEN

IT was five o'clock in the afternoon. Alyn paced up and down the living room, not able to take her eyes from the clock. Any minute now she would hear the elevator close and John's key in the lock—John could be depended upon for punctuality. She was there to open the door for him when he came.

"John, did you see Tory Meade? Did anything happen?" she asked instantly.

"Nothing very definite," admitted John reluctantly, "but Tory's a smart lawyer. I think he'll get us through. It seems almost as hard to acquire a baby by adoption as by the normal procedure," he finished, raising a quizzical eyebrow. "So much red tape. . . . Are you going out?"

"I just got home from the hospital; forgot to remove my hat and coat. John, every time I see that baby I want him twice as much as I did before. They wouldn't let me go into the room with him, of course, but I stood the whole two hours and watched him through the glass. Isn't it lucky that his crib is so close to the window? And John, it's against the rules for them to tell me how much he weighs, but he's gaining; I can see it, and he's a perfect. . . ." Alyn stopped for want of adequate words to tell how dear, how precious the baby was.

"Yes, he's definitely gaining. It seems I can notice a difference every day. He almost never cries, they say. His sleep is so angelic, and every once in awhile he squirms and stretches exactly like a kitten. I asked at the office how long they will keep him. Three more weeks, they say—that's five weeks in all. John, we haven't much time. We don't want another living soul to get him from the hospital but us. What happened today?"

"I had a talk with Tory. He can't get over the fact that we want to adopt a child. He says that child-placing agency is a good one, and that once we get our baby we can be certain that everything will be all right. Alyn, they check both sides of the baby's family for everything, even insanity. The fact that Theo and Judith have no living relatives makes it very difficult, but it doesn't stop them. They check us as thoroughly, too. If we have any family skeletons they're doomed to come out now."

"Well, thank goodness we have nothing to hide, neither on the Merriweather side nor the Fordyce."

"The agency is sending a woman to interview you tomorrow."

"Oh John! What shall I tell her?"

"I don't know what she'll ask; tell her nothing but the truth, of course."

"Of course," agreed Alyn.

"Alyn," said John seriously. "There are some things we must discuss. Sit down, dear."

John's old habit—sitting down to discuss serious things—didn't annoy Alyn now. She was quite as anxious to discuss things as John, quite as

desirous of sitting down. It put one on solid ground, psychologically.

"Alyn, there are many things to be considered in adopting a baby. Those questions we had to answer on the application blank are well enough thought out. For instance, you will be forty in two more years, and I will be forty-five. Had you thought that when he is grown we will be in our sixties?"

"Yes, John. But many women have babies of their own at my age, even older."

"And there's my income," reminded John wryly. "I'm still making only $150 a month, you know."

"I can learn to manage. Cecile Borden did, and they have four children. I can certainly do it if Cecile did. I've been studying budgets. I learned a good deal about money while I was with Lottie. By the way, John, Lottie called me this morning and wanted to know if I hadn't stayed away long enough. The new girl isn't doing very well."

"What did you tell her?"

"I told her I wasn't going to work any more, that you needed me at home. John, I could never go back with Judith gone, even if we don't get the baby."

"You told her the right thing, my darling. Having you at home has been perfectly wonderful. I'm glad it is to be permanent."

"Maybe, before Lottie finds someone else, that poor girl will catch on and not have to lose her job."

"I hope you have taken into consideration that where there is a baby there is extra work and such a thing as croup," John continued. "You will be tied at home; there are many things that a baby interferes with."

"I've thought of all that, and I don't mind." It seemed remarkable to Alyn that John had gone into the unfamiliar subject so thoroughly. "John, I am surprised at your thinking of all these things."

John flashed her a smile. "Don't flatter me, my good woman. Education, religious training, character building, health habits — many things must be considered."

A horrible thought assailed Alyn. "John, you want him, don't you? It isn't that you don't want. . . . "

"Want him? Of course I want him. I haven't wanted you to know, over the years, just how much I would have liked children of our own. This little fellow has a peculiar appeal to me. I don't know just what it is. I had no idea a new-born baby had a distinct personality, but this one has."

"He has, hasn't he, John?" agreed Alyn. "Do you notice the distinction in the shape of his head? His forehead is so intellectual, and his hands. . . . "

"You'll do all right, Alyn," John broke in, laughing. "No real mother could sound more enthusiastic. Do you remember when Mary declared that her three-weeks'-old baby could understand what she said?"

"I don't know how a mother could feel any nearer to a baby than I do to this one. . . . I guess it was being so much with Judith, helping her to choose his layette, going to the hospital with her—most of all, being the first one to hold him."

"Don't leave me out of this. Didn't I pace the hallway in a true fatherly fashion when. . . . "

They both fell silent, remembering that hour of inferno—its tragic end.

"John, let's call him Richard," Alyn finally said.

"Richard . . . " said John thoughtfully. "Well, Richard is a good name, a strong name — a man's name. It seems to fit him."

"We'll get him, won't we, John? It would be awful to count so much on having him, and. . . . "

"Tory says he will do all he can to help us, but the agency must take every precaution for the baby's sake as well as for our sake. He says that if Judith had only given you some written word before she. . . . "

"If . . . . " said Alyn. "We seem walled in by 'ifs.' I know as well as I live that Judith would have wanted us to have him. She talked of my being like a sister to her a number of times; she approved of you completely and said our home life was like she and Theo had planned for themselves. Of course, she didn't know that I. . . . " Alyn stopped, aware that she had just about opened a subject that would be better not discussed—her earlier animosity toward John. Oh, what would John think?

John gave her a clairvoyant look, but instead of the rancor she half expected, he reached over and patted her reassuringly. "That's behind us now, honey," he said.

IF Alyn had any qualms about the investigator, they were all confirmed when the worker arrived. The woman was as formal as her costume, precise, careful, even judicial in her search for facts. Her questions were courteously plied, but one sensed an indefinable air of suspicion; a sort of warning that the least equivocation would be discovered.

Her eyes were keenly observant; they seemed to evaluate the articles of furniture and the character of the persons using them; the woman was a thorough investigator whose questions Alyn answered with an almost childlike obedience. If she had had any desire to temper the truth it wouldn't have been in her to do it.

"Why do you want this baby?" the woman asked.

Alyn opened her mouth, wishing for words to convey what the baby meant to her.

"Are you and your husband on good terms?" the woman went on, without waiting for Alyn's reply.

"Yes. Oh, yes."

"You don't want him for the purpose of drawing you closer together, then," she said, almost as an afterthought.

However nearly it might have been the truth six months ago, it was not so now. No, she wanted Richard for himself; she wanted to do for him what a mother would do; her desire was that he be not cheated of a good mother which is the rightful heritage of every child. How to convey her feelings was not easy for Alyn, who was in deeper water than she had ever been in before.

"How much does your husband earn?"

"One hundred and fifty dollars a month," Alyn told her fearfully. The woman caught the inflection immediately.

"That's an adequate amount. Many of our babies go to homes with that amount of income. What is your rent?"

"Eighty-five dollars," Alyn admitted, realizing fully for the first time that it was much too high for their income if she did not return to work. "We are planning to move," she

offered. "My husband and I have talked of it."

The woman listened intently as Alyn told her of her own background and upbringing, of the Merriweather and Fordyce families, and the things of which she had always been so proud.

"Motherhood, natural or foster, demands that one be ready at all times to adapt one's program to the best interests of the child, regardless of the past," was the cryptic remark of the worker as she closed her notebook. Then the interview was over. What an inquisition it had been!

After she had gone, Alyn sat on the edge of the needlepoint chair and had a nervous chill.

"If only we had moved from this terrifically expensive apartment," she summed up to John later. "I telephoned to Rufus Randolph about a house the minute she left. He said he had exactly what we wanted, and said that the crowd was buzzing like a beehive over our adopting a baby."

"I can well imagine."

"John, I felt apologetic for everything I have ever valued."

John, to her relief, looked displeased. "The woman had no right to be so severe. They said at the agency that she was very capable."

"That exactly describes her," Alyn admitted. "O John, I'm positive they'll refuse us."

"Nonsense," said John. "If the woman is capable she couldn't help seeing what an intelligent person you are; how well-kept and tasteful your house is. There is every evidence of breeding and background. All these things count."

"I'm afraid I didn't sound intelligent, John. I felt so inadequate. The things you mention seemed to count against me. When I told of Mother having a nurse for me, she seemed to think that unnecessary. On the other hand, she was not displeased when I told her the amount of your income."

"You'll see, darling. Our fears are pronounced in unfamiliar situations. Things come right when you least expect them."

John was so comforting. Alyn felt better immediately.

"John," she said, "I don't often say things like this, but I think you are a wonderful man, and you'll make a wonderful father."

"Well," said John, pleased. "Now isn't that something for a man to strut about?" and he poked out his chest. It was pathetic to see how such a little praise pleased him.

"I mean it. I've been too self-centered, thinking only of my own happiness. John, I never thought I'd tell you this, but . . . but right after you lost your position I . . . I thought of leaving you. John, perhaps I shouldn't have told you. Perhaps you will never forgive me."

"Honey, I knew that all along."

"How?" asked Alyn, astounded.

"Well, I met Judge Oldham on the street one day, and he said you had called for an appointment which you didn't keep, though the secretary swore you had come for it. He wondered what it was all about. 'She's not getting a divorce from you, is she John?' he asked. He was joking me, of course; but I knew then, in some unaccountable way, that that had been your plan."

"Oh!" said Alyn. "All these months. . . ."

"Forget it," said John easily. "Not an uncommon thing, I guess, in a

world full of divorces. It worried me greatly for awhile. I was staking our future on the change I had made in my employment. I had thought things out pretty well, even then, and I knew it was a real test for us both, but I was sure that our only hope for happiness was a sure foundation for myself. I had confidence in you, of that you may be sure. I have always thought of you as a thoroughbred."

"And all the time you were the best friend I had, and you still are," said Alyn.

"Come now. You're promoting me, aren't you? After being your husband all these years, at last we have become friends."

"Well, not all people are friends, John—husbands and wives, I mean. These months have brought us closer together. I have had some business experience — learned the working person's point of view. I have learned that your getting a job as you did was a real achievement. I have learned about people, life and death from Judith and little Richard. Hard as it is, you never really live until you touch some of those fundamental things. And now I love you, John, more than I ever have."

"Alyn," said John, deeply moved, "you've never said a nicer thing to me in your life."

"I fought you so hard on the apricot business. I didn't try to understand. I might have helped you more. I might have managed better the night that orchard man came for dinner—that Mr. Moyle. I could have been a better hostess, helped you more to sell it. I didn't realize until after he'd gone just how much it meant to you. John, you haven't become discouraged about it, have you? You never talk of it any more."

"Oh no. No, I haven't become discouraged. I'm planning to bud it in the spring. No sir! That limb of apricots . . . . You see! You shouldn't ask me—it gets me off on a lecture tour. I decided I was boring everyone with the details; that I'd better try and talk less and wait until I had accomplished more. . . ."

"Oh! John."

"Of course, I was disappointed when Mr. Moyle didn't see anything so unusual about it, and wondered for awhile if I had been overoptimistic; but that time passed, and my faith in the sport came back. I'll go ahead and bud it. My chance will come. It wasn't your fault, though, dearest. You did very well that night; you gave us a wonderful dinner and listened eloquently—an unwomanly trait, I assure you."

IT was an interminable week before they heard anything more about the baby. Alyn had been to the hospital, and John picked her up on his way from work. The telephone was ringing when they came in. John answered, his voice rising in excitement as he talked.

"It was Tory Meade," he said in such a strained voice that Alyn began to tremble. John gripped her hand.

"Darling," he said, "Tory says that the agency report is unfavorable to us. They are going to recommend to the court that little Richard be placed elsewhere."

Alyn crumpled on the lounge.

"John, we can't have him?" she whispered.

John paced up and down the floor, his mind intent upon this unexpected blow, his eyes on the floor.

"Isn't there something we can do?" she appealed to him.

"Yes," said John grimly, "there is something else we can do."

"John," sobbed Alyn, "I prayed as I never have prayed before. I asked God to help me get that baby. Maybe this is His answer—maybe I'm not a fit mother for the baby. I've been spoiled and selfish. I've looked at things and people in the wrong light, but I thought I'd changed, John, in the last few months. Maybe I haven't changed enough."

"God expects us to work for the things we should have, dear. Those people at the agency do a wonderful job, but they are only human, and must base their judgment on external things. They have no power to look into the human heart. There are people who will help us, friends and influences—not to be used wrongly—to make them see as we do. I'll get Judge Oldham to help Tory—the old and the new—they'll be a strong team. We're going to fight for that baby."

(To be continued)

TO ZAIDEE JUDITH

(By an Adoptive Parent)

I had always wanted
In my backyard
A line of baby things
Softly billowing
In the wind
Like angel wings.

And now that
Tiny clothing float
Upon the gust
And ebb of air,
A welling, tightening
In my throat
Denotes the joy
That parents share.

The Great Fig Tree

A Play in One Act

Joseph J. Cannon

(Presented at Relief Society General Conference, Visiting Teachers' Department, October 1, 1941)

Cast of Characters

Thomas Atwood, *an English stranger*.... .....*Pershing Howe*

Mrs. Sarah Atwood, *his wife* ....*Miss Bernice Park*

Mrs. Hardy, *a neighbor* ....*Miss Margaret Gledhill Larson*

SCENE: *A poorly furnished room in a country town in Utah.*

TIME: *About 1918.*

Foreword

(To be read before the play begins)

A few years ago in the city of Burnley, Lancashire, England, the elders were speaking before a club of thoughtful men. Naturally, there was considerable opposition. Toward the end of the discussion, a white-haired man arose and asked to be heard as a matter of personal privilege. The following play, without holding too closely to detail, is suggested by his story.

CURTAIN

Sarah, *very pale, discovered seated in discouraged attitude, rises, goes left to door, opens it, stands listening, then hears footsteps, rises nervously and steps toward door at right. Door opens.* THOMAS; *enters in dejected mood.*

Sarah (*tensely*); You didn't find a nurse, did you? I can see you didn't.

Thomas: No.

Sarah (*sits down*): They think we can't pay them?

Thomas: Partly that, maybe. But there's a lot of sickness around, and they all seem to be engaged.

Sarah (*desperately*): I can't believe there isn't someone.

Thomas: They're afraid, too.

Sarah: Oh, you can't blame them much for that.

Thomas: Some of them have families.

Sarah: Yes, diphtheria is so infectious. Grown people can get it as well as children. (*hesitates*) Thomas . . .

Thomas: What dear?

Sarah: They're not refusing to come . . . because we're not Mormons, are they?

Thomas (*looks up and away for a moment*): I hadn't thought of that.

Sarah: They know we're poor; . . . they know this is catching; . . . but maybe they hate us, because . . . because . . .

Thomas: Because we hate them . . .

Sarah: I don't hate them, Thomas. . . . We've been here such a little time. . . . I don't even know them. . . .

Thomas: But you hate their religion . . . and so do I. . . . What a misfortune! To have our children fall sick before we got through this country to the coast.

Sarah: Thomas . . .

Thomas: Yes, Sarah.

Sarah: You remember when that Mormon home was broken into by the mob at Birmingham, and the man was badly hurt?

Thomas (*soberly*): Yes. . . .

Sarah: The man died, didn't he?

Thomas: Yes, some time later.

Sarah (*very gently*): How did it . . . happen? . . .

Thomas (*walking up and down*): They were enticing some of our young members to their doctrines. Our men gathered one Sunday afternoon and crowded into the house where they were holding their meeting. One of the preachers, the owner of the home, got pushed behind a door. . . . Our fellows jammed themselves against it . . . and crushed the poor wretch pretty badly. . . . He never got over it, and probably died because of his injuries.

Sarah (*in slow agonized tone*): Thomas . . .

Thomas (*stops; answers after a pause as though anticipating the question*): Yes.

Sarah (*slowly and painfully*): Were . . .

you . . . one of the men . . . who . . . pushed against that door?

Thomas: No, Sarah.

Sarah (*impulsively*): Oh, I'm so glad. . . . I've been thinking of it. . . . I was afraid this was a judgment on us. . . .

Thomas (*slowly*): Maybe it is at that.

Sarah (*alarmed, rises*): Why do you say so?

Thomas (*continues walking*): Because I was there and didn't interfere. . . . I saw them break up the furniture of the home and drag the mother through the streets by her arms and by her hair. . . . I could have protected and fought for them . . . but I didn't. . . . I suppose I consented . . . to that terrible thing, and in my heart I thought it served them jolly well right to be roughed up a bit and scared, scared out of their skins.

Sarah: You're bitter, Thomas.

Thomas (*stops and puts emphasis into his words*): Why shouldn't I be? . . . When you touch a man's religion, you touch something closer to him than anything else . . . except his family. . . .

(*Sarah shows faintness. Thomas gets her a drink of water.*) Are you feeling better, dear?

Sarah (*weakly*): Yes, Thomas. Thank you.

Thomas (*tenderly*): How have the children been while I was away?

Sarah (*slowly*): Not much change. The doctor left soon after you did. He's going to have the flag put up. Thomas, you went to every nurse he told you about?

Thomas: Yes, every one.

(*Sarah rises. Goes to other door, looks in as though observing children and sits down.*)

Sarah: A couple of women came about an hour ago. They said they were Mormon teachers.

Thomas (*indignant*): My soul, can't they leave us alone even under these circumstances?

Sarah: I told them our children were down with diphtheria, and we couldn't receive visitors, and I closed the door. They looked as though their feelings were hurt.

Thomas: If they're so anxious to convert people, why don't they go to the heathen? There are over a billion of them who never heard of Christ.

Sarah: Maybe they think it's easier to convert us.

Thomas (*indignantly*): A man may have been a churchgoer all his life, but he has to accept their doctrines and their prophet to be saved. Once I cornered one of their missionaries at a street meeting and made him admit—admit openly—that he believed all churches are wrong but his.

Sarah: With all the evil that's about them, think of their saying that!

Thomas: Can you blame honest men for being indignant or being violent even? (*He goes to window and looks out.*) Sagebrush on every hillside. This is a country God forgot. Think of dear old England, with her mantle of green the year round!

Sarah: As soon as we can get the money, let's go back. Since your father died, your mother's alone. She needs us.

Thomas: Money, huh! We've rent to pay and food to buy, not to speak of doctor's bills.

Sarah (*anxiously*): That job you got yesterday'll hold out, won't it?

Thomas: I must stay with you. . . .

Sarah (*almost weeping*): Oh, you don't know how to take care of the children. . . . They're terribly sick, Thomas.

Thomas: And you're too weak to do it. Sarah, you should be in bed yourself.

Sarah (*desperately*): Alone in a strange land.

Thomas: Among a strange and wicked people.

Sarah (*almost defiantly*): He has deserted us.

(*Knock comes at door. They remain motionless a moment, then Thomas goes and opens it.*)

Thomas (*severely*): We have diphtheria in this house. You had better stay away.

(*Mrs. Hardy comes into doorway, carrying bag in her hand.*)

Mrs. Hardy (*cheerfully*): That's why I came.

Thomas (*in changed tone*): Oh, are you a nurse?

Mrs. Hardy: No, not a nurse, but I've been around the sick a good deal.

Thomas: Well, you're better than nothing. Come in. . . . if you dare.

(*Mrs. Hardy comes in.*) This is my wife, Mrs. Atwood.

Mrs. Hardy (*advances and acknowledges the introduction*): I'm glad to meet you, Mrs. Atwood, I'm Mrs. Hardy.

Sarah: We're glad to get help, Mrs. Hardy. Won't you sit down? Two of our three children are sick, and the other has been exposed.

(*Thomas goes over to Sarah's left and sits down.*)

Mrs. Hardy: Yes, Doctor Evans told me.

Sarah: He looked you up?

Mrs. Hardy: No, I looked him up. I heard you had sickness here. He's my neighbor. He told me how serious it is.

Thomas (*rises, speaks huskily*): How serious is it?

Mrs. Hardy (*her pleasant expression becomes grave*): He said that by the time night comes someone will have to be swabbing out the oldest girl's throat constantly to keep her from choking to death.

Thomas (*in despair*): As you see, my wife is ill—not with diphtheria. She's been ailing for months. . . . I'm afraid she can't go through with this night work.

Sarah (*desperately*): Yes I can, Thomas. I must.

Mrs. Hardy (*cheerily*): We don't want another patient to take care of, do we?

Thomas: I'll stay right here and help.

Mrs. Hardy (*pleasantly*): Men are usually poor hands in the sickroom. Is he the exception, Mrs. Atwood?

Sarah (*smiling wanly*): I'm afraid not.

Mrs. Hardy (*begins to rise as she speaks*): They'll be here any time now and put us under quarantine.

(*Turning to Thomas*) You've got a job, haven't you?

Thomas: Yes, but the children come first.

Mrs. Hardy: Certainly they do if you could help. But probably you'd be in the way. It's better for you to get out and keep your job. As soon as the doctor fumigates you, or whatever he wants to do, you can go to my house and stay. My husband and boys are going to batch it while I'm here. We've got plenty of room. It isn't far. You can come over and inquire as often as you want.

Thomas: That's mighty kind of you. But you can't do this job here alone night and day.

Mrs. Hardy: I think maybe I can. I've sat up a lot with the sick at nights and got my sleep in cat naps during the day. But if I can't, if the two younger children get worse, I know where I can get help.

Sarah (*gratefully*): Oh, that's good.

Thomas (*devoutly*) : Well, Mrs. Hardy, you came like a good angel. We felt as though we had been abandoned by the Lord. . . . That was sinful of us. He never forgets those who love Him.

Mrs. Hardy (*sincerely*): You're right, Mr. Atwood. He is a very constant friend. . . . And He's closest to us when our troubles are worst. . . . At least that's been my experience.

Sarah (*almost joyfully*): Isn't it good, Thomas, to find a real Christian soul at a time like this?

(*Turns to Mrs. Hardy*): I feel much better now that I know you are a believer.

Thomas (*devoutly*): God knows His faithful ones, and He moves them by His spirit to go where they are needed.

(*repeating as if in prayer*): "*The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want.*" I wonder . . . perhaps there's an affinity between souls who have found Jesus and been saved by His grace. Maybe that is what brought you here to us, Mrs. Hardy, to help us and to comfort us. You came at a moment when the sin of doubt was about to overwhelm us, but the Lord sent you, I truly believe, because He knows we love Him and have been saved by His blood.

Mrs. Hardy (*slightly non-plussed. Sits down*): I don't know. We go where we're needed, whether people believe or not. It's good though to come into a home where there is faith . . . where in circumstances like these you can pray together. You see, Doctor Evans is a good man in his profession, but there's many a case of sickness that was beyond his help that I've seen pull through. Just last week he said a neighbor boy of ours couldn't live, but they sent for my husband. He got his counselors, and they administered to the lad, and he's getting better now. My husband gets called out frequently, being bishop of the ward. . . .

Sarah (*surprised*): A bishop?

Thomas (*astonished*): A bishop in this town?

Mrs. Hardy: Yes, there are two bishops since they divided the ward.

Thomas (*confused*): Two bishops! (*Then in startled voice as the truth dawns on him*) Then they're not our kind of bishops. They must be Mormon priests.

Mrs. Hardy: Why, yes, of course, they're Mormons. My husband's bishop of the First Ward.

Sarah (*shocked*): Then . . . you're a . . . Mormon?

Mrs. Hardy: Yes, indeed . . . a Mormon to the core.

Sarah: Were you born that way?

Mrs. Hardy: No, I joined the Church as a girl back East. The missionaries brought the Gospel to us, and our whole family accepted it. (*Proudly*) But we've done our part. Four of us have been on missions.

Thomas (*almost horrified*): Your brothers?

Mrs. Hardy: Three brothers and myself.

Thomas (*slowly*): You've been a . . . Mormon missionary?

Mrs. Hardy (*proudly*): I spent two lovely years in Canada.

Thomas: Did you . . . make any . . . converts?

Mrs. Hardy: I am glad to say that several people who first heard the Gospel through my work joined the Church. (*Laughing*) I hope though that the Lord converted them.

Sarah: Were they Christians . . . believers . . . before they joined?

Mrs. Hardy: Yes, most of them felt they had been saved—until they heard our message.

Thomas: Do they feel they are saved now?

Mrs. Hardy (*laughing*): They're not so sure of it now. They'll have to wait and see.

Thomas (*scornfully*): Then your converting them brought them from certainty to . . . uncertainty . . . from faith to doubt. . . . Is that the way it happened when the apostles of old preached the word, Mrs. Hardy?

Mrs. Hardy: Their doubt is not of the work. Oh, no. The thing they're not so sure about is whether they themselves will be faithful—that's all. I guess every one of us can have a wholesome uncertainty on that score.

Thomas (*stiffly*): Well, it's something of a shock to have a Mormon in the house, but I suppose they have to earn a living like everybody else. You may have to wait for your pay a little, but I'll get it to you, and I'll pay you well.

Mrs. Hardy (*rises, laughing*): Pay? I don't want any pay.

Thomas (*suspiciously*): Why not? Why did you come then? (*Almost angrily*) Did you find your way into our house in our extremity. . . . (*Sarah seems to want to restrain him*) to try to convert us? If you did, we'd rather not have your help. Death isn't so serious to people who truly believe in Jesus.

Mrs. Hardy (*gravely*): No. Mr. Atwood, I didn't come here to convert you or your wife. Our visiting teachers reported that you had serious sickness here. Doctor Evans said it was a desperate case. He knew that nurses are scarce and that the girl would die without one. I offered to come, because my children are grown, and the president of our Relief Society has a young baby . . . I'm her counselor. It will cost you nothing for my work or for you to live at our house until your children are well. The Lord has blessed us with all we need, and you are welcome to what we can do. You are strangers, and you are in trouble. We don't care what you believe; and seeing that you feel as you do, I promise that all you learn about Mormonism is just what you'll find out for yourselves. You can leave here as ignorant as you came if you want to.

Thomas (*confused*): You mean . . . you have no . . . motives. (*As he speaks he crosses behind Sarah and to her left.*)

Mrs. Hardy: Of course we have motives. We're organized to give relief—to our own, principally, but to any of God's children who come our way. We've done it to thousands like you, and it doesn't matter whether we ever see them again or not. Our motive is to be kind. When we serve you, we are serving the Lord, that's all. (*Mrs. Hardy sits down.*)

(*Continued on page 72*)

Home Accident Prevention

No. IV

MISCELLANEOUS ACCIDENTS

POISONS, ANIMALS, FIREARMS, ET CETERA

The American National Red Cross, in its publication *Home and Farm Accident Prevention*, states that the number of accidents and deaths due to the misuse of poisons, the mishandling of firearms and fireworks, and to venomous or dangerous animals as well as the number of accidents and deaths due to bicycle and sled crashes, justify careful consideration being given to their prevention. The publication presents the following cautions:

I. Poisons

Some dry cleaning fluids are toxic, poisoning the system either through absorption through the skin or inhalation. If they are used, be sure the room is well ventilated.

Many poisonings occur in the bathroom. If poisons must be kept on hand, the bottle should be plainly marked. To eliminate the danger of mistaking a bottle at night, pins may be stuck in the cork or otherwise clearly identified. Poisons should never be within reach of children. Insecticides should never be stored in or near the kitchen. Be careful of the poisons used for extermination of rats and mice.

Avoidable contaminations and improper refrigeration are usually behind each case of illness from food poisoning. Therefore, food to be eaten raw should be fresh, clean, free from abnormal odors and rotting areas and from mold, and should be washed in clean water. Cooked foods should be heated to the boiling point, kept free from contamination, and if to be held more than a few hours, subjected to refrigeration. If canned goods are held more than a few hours after opening the can, the same precautions as to refrigeration and recooking should be observed as in the case of freshly-prepared foods. Discard any discolored food and any having unusual odor. Destroy contents of any swollen can. Where there is a reason to doubt foods, they should *not* be tasted.

II. Animals

Dispose of cross household pets. Chain up dogs that are unfriendly to strangers.

See that all doors, gates, hinges, latches, stalls, and fences confining farm animals are absolutely secure.

III. Firearms

Keep guns where the children can't reach them, and take shells out of the guns before putting them away. Carry a gun with the muzzle pointed to the ground. Don't carry a cocked gun. Never point a gun at anyone. Teach children not to threaten others with toy guns in play. Never joke with guns.

IV. Fireworks—Fourth of July Celebration

There is no such thing as safe fireworks. Deaths have been caused by so-called harmless sparklers and by other harmless fireworks.

V. Coasting and Skating

These are sports widely engaged in and are not free from accidents. For coasting, hills should be selected which are removed from main arteries of traffic. Children should be cautioned against "hitching" on to automobiles and trucks.

No one should attempt to skate on ice only an inch or so thick. Firm, sound ice four inches thick may usually be considered all right.

VI. Mental Hazards

Worry is a contributing cause of accidents in the home. Anxiety and haste are often the cause of physical injuries.

Physical fatigue makes us more liable to accidents in the home, the same as in busy traffic on city streets.

Children's Books

A NUMBER of requests have been received by the General Board for a list of books suitable for children of different age groups. The following list of excellent books is therefore submitted:

AGES ONE TO FOUR

Aldis, Dorothy, *Here, There, and Everywhere* (Illus. by Marjorie Flack), Minton, Balch and Co., New York, 1928;

Everything and Anything, Minton, Balch and Co., New York, 1929.

Bertail, Inez, *Time for Bed* (Illus. by Ninon MacKnight), Doubleday, Doran and Co., New York, 1939, 50 cents.

D'Aulaire, Ingri and Edgar Parin, *Animals Everywhere*, Doubleday, Doran and Co., New York.

Fox, Frances Margaret, *The Little Cat That Could Not Sleep*, E. P. Dutton and Co., New York.

Fyleman, Rose, *Fairies and Chimneys* Doubleday, Doran and Co., New York, 1931.

Harrington, Mildred P., *Ring-A-Round* (Anthology with illus. by Corydon Bell), Macmillan Co., New York, 1930, $3.

Higgins, Alice, *Runaway Rhymes* (Illus. by Tom Lamb), P. F. Volland Co., Joliet, Illinois, 1931, $1.

Lenski, Lois, *Animals for Me*, Oxford Book Co., New York.

Moffet, A. E., *Our Old Nursery Rhymes* (Illus. by Willebeek Le Mair), David McKay Co., New York;

Little Songs of Long Ago, David McKay Co., New York.

Thompson, Blanche Jennings, *More Silver Pennies* (Illus. by Pelagie Doane), Macmillan Co., New York, 1938, $1.

AGES FOUR TO EIGHT

Beskow, Aru Elsa, *Aunt Green, Aunt Brown and Aunt Lavender* (Words and illus. by the author, trans. from Swedish by Siri Andrews), Harper and Bros., New York, 1928, $2.50;

The Adventures of Peter and Lotta (Illus. by the author), Harper and Bros., New York, 1931, $2.50;

Elf Children of the Woods (Tr. from Swedish by Zita Beskow), Harper and Bros., New York, 1932, $2.

Beim, Lorraine and Jerrold, *The Burro that had a Name*, Harcourt Brace and Co., New York, 1939.

Barrie, Sir James M., *Peter Pan and Wendy* (Illus. by M. L. Attwell), University of London Press, Scribner Publishers, New York, 1935, $1.50.

Commins, Dorothy Berliner, *Lullabies of Many Lands* (Illus. by Nellie Farnam), Harper and Bros., New York, 1941, $1.50.

Collodi, Carlo, *The Adventures of Pinocchio* (Illus. by Esther Friend), Rand, McNally Co., New York, 1939, $1.

D'Aulaire, Ingri and Edgar Parin, *Ola and Blakken*, Doubleday, Doran and Co., New York, 1936, $1.75;

George Washington, Doubleday, Doran and Co., New York, 1936, $2;

Abraham Lincoln, Doubleday, Doran and Co., New York, 1939, $2;

Lief the Lucky, Doubleday, Doran and Co., New York.

Hader, Berta and Elmer, *Little Town* (Illus. by authors), Macmillan Co., New York, 1939;

Spunky (Illus. by authors), Macmillan Co., New York, 1933, $2.50;

Cock-A-Doodle-Doo (Illus. by authors), Macmillan Co., New York, 1939, $2;

The Farmer in the Dell (Illus. by authors), Macmillan Co., New York.

Hoke, Helen, and Teichner, Miriam, *The Fuzzy Kitten*, Messner Publishers, New York, 1941, $1.

Kipling, Rudyard, *Just So Stories*, Doubleday, Doran and Co., New York, 1935, $1.

Leaf, Munro, *Wee Gillis* (Illus. by Robert

Lawson), Viking Press, New York, 1938;

More Watchbirds, Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, 1940, $1;

Simpson and Sampson, Stokes Pub. Co., New York;

Fun Book, Stokes Publishing Co., New York, 1941, $1.50. (This book contains three favorite books: "Manners Can Be Fun," "Grammar Can Be Fun," and "Safety Can Be Fun.")

Milne, A. A., *When We Were Very Young* (Illus. by Ernest H. Shepard), E. P. Dutton and Co., New York, 1935, $1;

Now We Are Six, E. P. Dutton and Co., New York, 1935, $1.

Myers, Helen E., *Noah's Ark*, Garden City Pub. Co., New York, 1941, 75 cents.

Petersham, Maud and Miska, *The Christ Child* (Illustrated), Doubleday, Doran and Co., New York, 1931, $2;

Auntie and Celia Jane and Miki, Doubleday, Doran and Co., New York, 1936;

Stories from the Old Testament (Illustrated), John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia, 1938, $2.75;

Get-A-Way and Hary Janos, Macmillan Co., New York;

An American A B C (Illus. by the authors), Macmillan Co., New York.

Salway, Cecile and Billie, *Children on the Map* (Illus. by the authors), Garden City Pub. Co., Inc., New York, 1938, $1.

Shaw, Charles G., *The Guess Book*, Scott Publishers, Inc., New York, 1941, $1.

AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE

Anderson, C. W., *High Courage*, Macmillan Co., New York, 1941, $1.75.

Bannon, Laura, *Manuela's Birthday* (In Old Mexico), Albert Whitman and Co., Chicago, 1939, $2.

Bolton, Sarah K., *Lives of Girls Who Became Famous*, Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York, 1938;

Lives of Poor Boys Who Became Famous, Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York, 1939.

Clark, Ann Nolan, *In My Mother's House* (Illus. by Velina Herrera), Viking Press, New York, 1941, $2.50.

Colum, Padraic, *Odysseus and the Tale of Troy*, Macmillan Co., New York.

Davis, Lavinia R., and Fischer, Marjorie, *Grab Bag: Stories for Each and Everyone*, Doubleday, Doran and Co., New York, 1941, $2.

Frasier, George W., Dolman, Helen, and Van Noy, Kathryne, *The Scientific Living Series* or *The How and Why Science Books*, (Illus. by Guy B. Wiser), W. L. Singer Co., New York, 1939, Vol. I, 72 cents; Vol. II, 84 cents; Vol. III, 96 cents; Vol. IV, $1.04; Vol. V, $1.16.

Gill, Richard C., and Hoke, Helen, *The Story of the Other America* (Illus. by Manuel Rivera Regalado), Houghton Mifflin Co., New York, 1941, $2.25.

Holbrook, Stewart H., *Tall Timber* (Illus. by Armstrong Sperry), Macmillan Co., New York, 1941, $1.75.

Leeming, Joseph, *Fun With Boxes* (Illus. by Charles E. Pont), Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, 1937, $2.

Meadowcroft, Enid LaMonte, *Benjamin Franklin, True American* (Illus. by Donald McKay), Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York.

Sondergaard, Arensa, *A History of the United States for Young People* (Illus. by the author), Randon House, Inc., New York.

Note: Two groups of children's books that will be found very helpful and inclusive are:

"500 Books for Children," United States Office of Education, Washington, D. C., 15 cents.

"Children's Book Parade," R. R. Bowker Co., New York, 1941, available in many libraries.

Theology and Testimony

Articles of Faith, By James E. Talmage

Chapter 7, Baptism—Continued

Lesson 7

Article 4: "We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are: . . . third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; . . ."

(Tuesday, April 7, 1942)

I. *Lesson Aim*
To develop an understanding of the importance of proper baptism for both the living and the dead.

II. *Divisions of the Subject Matter*
- A. The mode of baptism. (*Articles of Faith*, pp. 137-142, 484-485)
  - 1. Importance of the mode of administering baptism. (*Articles of Faith*, p. 137)
  - 2. Meaning and symbolism of the baptismal rite. (*Articles of Faith*, pp. 133-139)
  - 3. Scriptural and historical backgrounds of baptism. (*Articles of Faith*, pp. 139-142, 485-486)
- B. The true interpretation of the doctrine of baptism. (*Articles of Faith*, pp. 142-145)
  - 1. Conditions under which baptism may be repeated.
- C. Baptism for the dead. (*Articles of Faith*, pp. 145-153)
  - 1. Baptism and those who die outside of the Gospel fold. (*Articles of Faith*, pp. 145-147)
  - 2. Christ and the unregenerated dead. (*Articles of Faith*, pp. 147-149)
  - 3. Vicarious Gospel ordinances for the dead. (*Articles of Faith*, pp. 149-151)
  - 4. Mutual dependence of ancestors and posterity in the Gospel plan. (*Articles of Faith*, pp. 151-153, 486)
- D. Significance of temples in the Gospel plan. (*Articles of Faith*, pp. 153-155)
  - 1. Ancient temples as the sanctuaries of God. (*Articles of Faith*, pp. 153-154, 486-487)
  - 2. Temples of the new dispensation. (*Articles of Faith*, pp. 154-155)

III. *Teaching Suggestions*
- A. *Preparation*
  As the contents of this lesson are miscellaneous, it is

suggested that a modified form of the lecture method be employed, consisting of part lecture plus several topical reports from class members. Class leaders are referred to the excellent instructions concerning the use of the lecture method contained in the first lesson of this course, and also to *Teaching as the Direction of Activities*, Chapter IV, pp. 54-61, by John T. Wahlquist. Class leaders should remember that in lecturing there must be a thorough mastery of subject matter and a wise choice of portions that will be of interest to the class.

The following topics are suggested for assignments to class members in order to enrich the lecture and add variety to the class period:

1. A report on the major items of interest in C. Douglas Barnes' article, "A Brief History of Baptism," *Improvement Era*, October, 1935.
2. A review of the essentials in James E. Talmage's *House of the Lord*, pp. 89-109.

B. *Presentation*

As suggested, the class presentation will rest largely upon the teacher. She should prepare her lecture so well that she can give the substance of the lesson in brief form, allowing time for the assigned reports, and for discussion at the end of the class period. If the discussion is directed with wisdom, it should lead to testimony bearing in which thanks will be expressed for the privilege we enjoy of having baptism by immersion, and for the many blessings resulting from temple and genealogical work.

Questions and Problems

1. How do you account for the fact that the word "baptism" has come to have a different meaning among modern Christian sects than it had among early Christians?
2. Why do the Latter-day Saints attach such great importance to the mode of baptism?
3. What symbolism is present in the mode of baptism?
4. What evidence is there to prove that baptism was used as a religious rite among the Israelites before the advent of John the Baptist?
5. What justification is there for baptizing eight-year-old children? (See *Doctrine and Covenants*, 68:25)
6. In what respect does a temple differ from a cathedral; a chapel; or a meeting house?
7. What appear to have been the functions of such famous Jerusalem temples as those of Solomon, Zerubbabel, and Herod?

References

Talmage, *Articles of Faith*, Chapter 7, pp. 137-156, 484-487.
Talmage, *The House of the Lord*, pp. 89-93.
Talmage, *The Great Apostasy*, pp. 117-126.
Talmage, *Jesus the Christ*, pp. 121-127.
Roberts, *The Falling Away*, pp. 55-56.
Barnes, C. Douglas, "A Brief History of the Practice of Baptism," *Improvement Era*, October, 1935.

Visiting Teachers' Messages To The Home

Lesson 7

Sabbath Day Observance As An Expression Of Faith

(Tuesday, April 7, 1942)

SINCE the time of the Creation one day in the week has been set aside as a day of rest and worship. The wisdom of setting apart one day in seven for rest and worship has been demonstrated in those countries where this practice has been temporarily eliminated. It was found that man deteriorated in his morale and his ability to work. The law of the Sabbath, like all the laws of God that have been revealed to us, is grounded in human nature and was given for man's benefit. (The word "sabbath" is Hebrew and means "repose.")

Jesus broadened the Jewish application of the Sabbath. On one occasion when he was criticized by the Jews for healing on the Sabbath, he replied: "The Sabbath was made for man." He taught that it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath.

In this dispensation our Lord says:

> And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments on my holy day;
>
> For verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors, and pay thy devotions unto the Most High;
>
> Nevertheless, thy vows shall be offered up in righteousness on all days and at all times. (*Doctrine and Covenants*, 59:9-11)

In answer to a question as to what may be done on the Sabbath, President Joseph F. Smith said: "The Sabbath is appointed unto you to rest from your labors. It is a special day for you to worship and pray, to show zeal and ardor in your religious faith and duty, to pay devotions to the Most High. The Sabbath is a day when you are required to offer your time and attention in worship of the Lord, whether in meeting, in the home, or wherever you may be —that is the thought that should occupy your mind." He suggests that a weekday be set aside for recreation, so that Sunday might not be used for that purpose, but be left free for rest and worship. He suggests also that one ought not to overwork on Saturday or be out late Saturday night, as this causes one to be physically worn out on the following day and unfit to properly observe the Sabbath.

Discussion

1. Why is the observance of the Sabbath an expression of faith?
2. What benefits are derived from the proper observance of this day?
3. What does the Church consider a proper observance of the Sabbath?
4. From what point of view would you open the discussion of this subject in the home?

Read "Picture Shows on the Sabbath Day," *Progress of the Church*, January, 1941, page 50; also Morris, George Q., "Why the Sabbath," *Relief Society Magazine*, September, 1941, p. 589.

Work-and-Business

Better Buymanship

Lesson 7

Children's Clothing

(Tuesday, April 14, 1942)

TODAY it is recognized that children are living in an environment separate from grownups. This recognition has led to the adoption of styles for children's clothing that are suitable to their particular needs. The clothing of the infant, for example, is planned for his health and comfort. This means that his clothing is simple, readily cleaned, and free from unessential trimmings. The design is such that garments may be put on the child quickly and with little handling.

The present-day trend is also toward lighter clothing for children. It is recognized that the weight of the clothing worn may affect both the health and comfort of the child. Apparel that is too light will not effectively aid in the maintenance of the body temperature in cold weather, and a great demand may be made for body heat, thus speeding up metabolism. Clothing that is too heavy may cause perspiration and chilling which lead to colds. Bulky clothing often hampers bodily movements and may lead to apathy and a disinclination to physical endeavor.

The cut of children's clothing is as important as its weight. Because of the great and varied activities of the child, plenty of room, yet not too much, must be allowed in his clothing. Clothing that is too small, either from shrinking or because it was selected too small, or because the child has outgrown it, will cramp his activity and spoil his disposition. Clothing and patterns should be selected by measurements rather than by size or age labels, as children of the same age differ widely in body build. Also articles do not conform to any rigid standards in relation to sizes indicated. They may vary considerably.

In 1937 a cooperative research project was undertaken under the leadership of the Bureau of Home Economics, with eighteen colleges, universities, and other educational institutions participating. Measurements were taken of 147,088 children ranging in age from four to seventeen years. Age was found to be a poor basis on which body measurements can be predicted. It was found that both body length and girth should be considered. When a child's height was known, his other length measurements, such as arm length, could be predicted fairly accurately. It was found that the hip-girth measurement was more dependable as an indext to the child's other measurements than was his chest-girth.

When making or buying children's clothing, the cut of the garment should be carefully considered. One should make sure that the garment is not short from waist to crotch and that there is plenty of spread in the seat. Armseyes should

be large; raglan sleeves are better than set-in sleeves and short sleeves are best, except in winter. Tight bands and cuffs any place on a garment may cause pinching and discomfort.

Lately the self-help feature has been emphasized in children's clothing. This has come from a desire to develop in children the quality of independence. To facilitate self-help, clothing should be reduced to a minimum number of pieces, simple in construction, with openings and plackets long enough to be serviceable and so located as to be easily closed or opened. Fasteners should be few in number and easily handled. Buttons should be medium sized, round, and flat, with a slight groove that keeps fingers from slipping off. Buttonholes need to be firmly made. Slide fasteners, if well placed, are an aid.

The material used in children's clothing should facilitate the maintenance of body temperature, absorb body moisture readily, give up the body moisture to the air, and also be durable and readily cleaned. Colors should be fast to light and washing. Sanforizing of both piece goods and ready-to-wear articles helps to prevent waste of garments due to shrinking.

Knitted materials have air space and act as nonconductors of heat. Clothing made from knitted materials keeps the body heat in during cold weather and protects the body from the heat during warm weather. It also has elasticity that aids freedom of movement.

As much as possible, children's clothing should be supported from the shoulder. Hems can well be from six to eight inches deep since growth in height is faster than in girth. Pockets are desirable and should be placed at the hand level. Seams should be durable and flat to withstand the strain to which they will be subjected.

Clothes worn in winter should not vary greatly from those worn in summer except that when children are outside additional outer garments should be added which will shed moisture and keep out the wind and cold. Soft, closely-woven, fuzzy, and water-repellent materials do this. The type of clothing worn indoors is determined by the heat maintained in the house.

Home construction of children's clothing probably brings greater savings than any other sewing done in the home. Many coats, dresses, trousers, and other articles can be made from those discarded or outgrown by older family members. One point must be remembered in remodeling clothing, however: The emotional satisfactions that come to children from being like the group are important. Clothes should be colorful, gay, and pretty. They should suit the child's age and fit properly. This may require complete remodeling, dyeing and retrimming. Personalities are in the making, and children should not be placed in a trying situation by making them wear castoffs that appear as such. Clothes should be so remodeled that they cannot be recognized as those which belonged to another person.

Suggested Activities

1. Bring to meeting several types of children's clothes and discuss their good and poor qualities.
2. Bring samples of self-help clothes and discuss their advantages.
3. Bring to meeting examples of remodeled articles of children's clothes.

Literature

Humor In Life And Literature

Lesson 7

Humor About and For Children

(Tuesday, April 21, 1942)

Their little language the children have, as on the knee they sit;
And only those who love them can find the key to it.
—*F. T. Palgrave*

A little fun to match the sorrow of each day's growing.
—*Du Maurier*

Lesson Topics

Review of last lesson
Need for humor in the lives of children
Types of humor children enjoy
Humor about children for adults
Children's unconscious humor
Humor as a bond between parents and children

Review of Last Lesson

Lesson Six discussed the distinctions made by critics between wit and humor. It was pointed out that wit is more artificial than humor, less kindly, more likely to hurt. In this comparative sense humor results within the object which calls it forth, whereas wit arises within the mind of the one who expresses it.

A division of wit into "harmless wit" and "tendency wit" was made by some authorities. According to these classifications, some satires would come under the latter—those with a sting, directed definitely at groups or individuals. Also it was pointed out that sometimes wit is not akin to humor. It is merely a concise, apt way of stating facts or observations.

The latter part of the lesson was devoted to humor which arises from incongruities in life itself. This was designated as the highest type of humor. Those writers who have discussed this type show it to be a mingling of pathos with humor, and they illustrate that the laughter which it evokes is mingled with tears. Illustrations from artists who have achieved this highest type, notably Dickens, Twain, and O. Henry, were presented.

Need for Humor in the Lives of Children

We have discussed the point that humor is needed in the life of the individual for the pleasure it brings, for the deep understanding of life and of character it gives, and for the enrichment of personality it brings. Since the "child is father of the man," then, if humor is good for the man, it is good, too, for the child. He will likely not be able to appreciate humor when he is an adult if he has not learned to do so as a child. That we learn to do by doing is true in more phases of life than our mere physical activities. Just as we learn to write on a typewriter or to play a piano by performing those activities, so we learn to be cheerful by being cheerful, to love by loving, to see the incongruities about us and extract fun from them

by looking for them and laughing at them.

Adults are inclined to regard the child's world as always carefree and happy. In reality, childhood troubles, as the old poem says, "are bigger'n meetin' houses." We need only to recall our own childhood to realize the stark tragedy of a broken doll or a lost pet. One of the reasons for this course in humor at the present time is to distract attention from too much trouble and sorrow. If a child is crying, what does the mother do? She tries to make him laugh. So humor serves as a salve and a medicine for the child's injury or disappointment, as it does for the trials and sorrows of maturity.

Youth, then, is the natural time for laying the foundation for a later evaluation of humor and for developing an appreciation of all it can give to life. Youth, too, is the time for the cultivation of a sense of humor.

Types of Humor Children Enjoy

Psychologists have written learnedly, after careful observation, upon the laughter of infants. We are informed of the age when they begin to laugh, of the age when they laugh. Very early, these studies disclose, babies laugh at antics of older children. As the psychologist, Sully, in his *Studies of Childhood* says:

> So far as I could judge, little sister served as a kind of jester to the baby monarch. He would take just that distant, good-natured interest in her foolings that Shakespeare's sovereigns took in the eccentric and unpredictable ways of their jesters. The sense of the droll became still more distinctly marked at six months. Among other provocations of laughter at this time were a rapid succession of sharp staccato sounds from one's vocal organs; and, of course, the sudden reappearing of one's head as in playing peek-a-boo.

As children grow older, they continue to laugh at grotesqueness in appearance and in action. That is why they like *Snow White and The Seven Dwarfs, Pinnochio, Punch and Judy*. They like pantomimes and cartoons, which are other forms of grotesqueness.

Children even find meaningless combinations of words laughable. After a child has learned to talk, he will often repeat silly lingoes and laugh delightedly over them. Children love jingles—the Mother Goose rhymes with humorous turns; picture books with funny pictures. All too soon, they devote themselves to the "funny papers," which unfortunately are rapidly ceasing to be "funny."

Mrs. May C. Hammond, teacher of the first grade in the Brigham Young University Training School, has made, with the help of students who are training to become teachers, a study of what little children laugh at. The following four things lead as laugh makers, according to the study:

1. Misfortune to others, such as when a chair is pulled out from under someone. Both the victim and the practical joker laugh.
2. The grotesque, such as when someone mixes up a nursery rhyme; when someone calls out a wrong word when words are being matched; when someone suggests a foolish reason for being thankful; when someone makes such a statement as, "the pilgrims ate corn flakes."
3. Unexpected happenings, such as when the teacher was telling the children what not to do when telling a story. She said, "Don't pull on suspenders as Henry did—like this." As she illustrated, the suspender broke, and the children laughed.

4. Strange words and sounds, such as unusual names. The children laughed at such names as McIntosh, Marchant.

Mrs. Hammond lists the following humorous books among those enjoyed by children: *The Story of Ferdinand, Epaminondas, Wiggles,* and *Dutch Twins.*

Most children love humorous verse that consists of extravagance and whimsicality of thought and expression. *A Child's Garden of Verse* by R. L. Stevenson is a favorite with most children; it contains quiet roguery and humorous conceits. A few examples follow:

The lovely cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me milk with all her might
To eat with apple tart.

. . .

When I am grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great,
And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys.

. . .

A favorite is "My Shadow," beginning:

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see,
He is very, very like me from the heels up to my head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.
The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow, . . . etc.

They enjoy *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,* and *Through the Looking Glass,* by Lewis Carroll, with their Tweedledum and Tweedledee, the white rabbit with his spectacles, and the Cheshire cat that can go away and leave its grin.

Older children enjoy *John Gilpin's Ride,* by William Cowper, and *The Adventure of Tam O'Shanter,* by Robert Burns.

They, and their parents as well, laugh at Christopher Robin's adventures with Pooh and Tigger and Piglet, as presented in the delightful Christopher Robin series by A. A. Milne. It is a question as to who gets more amusement, the grandmother who reads A. A. Milne's delightful books to her four-year-old grandchild or the child to whom the story is read. The following is one of the songs:

The more it
SNOWS-tiddely-pom,
The more it
GOES-tiddely-pom,
The more it
GOES-tiddely-pom,

On
Snowing.

And nobody
KNOWS-tiddely-pom,
How cold my
TOES-tiddely-pom,
How cold my
TOES-tiddely-pom,

Are
Growing.

Humor About Children for Adults

Besides the Milne books, there are many others supposedly written for the child's level, but which are enjoyed perhaps even more by older people.

The books by the Abbe children are full of humor which only adults can fully enjoy. When Patience makes allusions to her parents there is usually a thrust of sly satire beyond a child's comprehension. Light verse of certain types appeals to old and young alike, such as the quotations which follow:

I never knew a purple cow;
I never hope to see one.
But I can tell you anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one.

. . .

I wish I was a little rock,
A-sittin' on a hill,
A-doin' nothin' all day long
But just a-sittin' still.
I wouldn't eat; I wouldn't sleep;
I wouldn't even wash—
I'd sit and sit a thousand years
And rest myself b'gosh!
—*Frederick P. Latimer*

. . .

Uncle Simon he
Climb up a tree
To see
What he could see.
When presently
Uncle Jim
Clumb up beside of him
And squatted down by he.
—*Artemus Ward.*

. . .

Small boy,
Pair of skates;
Hole in ice,
Heavenly gates.

. . .

Mothers can do a great deal to develop a sense of humor in their children and an appreciation for the right kind of humor, that which has kindliness as its essence.

Children's Unconscious Humor

In expressing themselves, children, like poets, use similarities which escape most of us. These expressions are often so quaint and whimsical that they border on the humorous. A little girl living for the first time in an apartment house came to the door and said: "Mother, the lady living in the *shelf* above wants to speak to you." A small boy speaking of a picnic said: "I would have eaten more, but I ran out of stomach."

Children often use striking similes and metaphors to express what they see. A little girl came in with a bleeding heart blossom, exclaiming: "See our valentine bush is in bloom!" Upon another occasion, she asked for an iron to press her doll's "withered clothes."

Humor as a Bond Between Parents and Children

Laughter and tears are cement which bind hearts together. When people suffer together, they are drawn together in a close bond that seldom ever breaks. Parents who share their children's sorrows and disappointments are close to them. It is the same with laughter. It is a human characteristic to want to share pleasurable experiences with loved ones. The more mothers and children together see the humorous in things about them, the more they laugh together over what they read, the closer they will be to each other.

A woman who had felt a strong aversion to the comic strips in the newspapers discovered that her children and their father had a little world of their own from which she was shut out. They would talk about Worry Wart, Uncle Walt, Jiggs, Skeezix, and other characters of the "funnies" as if they were friends, and laugh together about things that meant nothing to her. Finally, she began to read the "funnies" for the added companionship it would give her with her family. It also helped her to better understand what amused her children. And that is very important. People can be judged by what they laugh at. It is important for mothers to know what their children find amusing; it is important for them to help their children to laugh at the right

things—good, clean, wholesome humor. In the formative years of childhood, the tastes of the later years which have so much to do with the plane of individual culture, are formed. More important than most mothers realize is the cultural value of a wholesome discrimination between coarse and sound humor. That discrimination is at the very core of a child's character.

. . .

Greatest of all of O. Henry's characteristics is the power of bringing good out of evil, of finding a place for love and laughter, where all around seems misery and sin.

. . .

Genuine humor is replete with wisdom. . . . Humor is the good-natured side of any truth. . . . Humor is the sudden light on the funny side of things that often keeps one from saying or doing something foolish.—*Opie Read*

Problems and Projects

1. Discuss the importance of humor in the lives of children.
2. From your observation of your own and other children, what conclusion can you draw as to the kinds of humor children enjoy?
3. Read passages from *Around the World With the Abbe Children* or some other such book to illustrate humor about children suitable for adults.
4. Give illustrations of "unconscious" humor of children.
5. Relate incidents to show how humor serves as a family bond.
6. Can parents do anything to improve the type of comic strips appearing today?

Supplementary Reading

Around the World with the Abbe Children.
Stevenson, *A Child's Garden of Verse.*
Milne, A. A., *Christopher Robin.*
Milne, A. A., *Winnie, the Pooh.*
Leaf, Munroe, *Ferdinand the Bull.*
Day, Clarence, *Life with Mother.*

Social Science

Foundations Of Successful Marriage

Lesson 6

Economic Aspects Of Family Life

(Tuesday, April 28, 1942)

Lesson Aim: To show how the foundations for successful marriage might be enlarged and strengthened through successful adjustment in the economic aspects of family life.

STUDENTS of the family quite universally recognize the importance of money matters in marital happiness. Modern life is so permeated by the economic structure in which man lives that the satisfactions and joys which he is able to extract from life cannot help being colored or conditioned by this structure; and since marriage is such an important segment of total life, the success or failure of it also depends to a large degree upon the way in which family members are able to solve their economic problems. While we certainly don't want to infer that economic problems are all-important or even the most important things to consider, we do want to emphasize their fundamen-

tal connection with the problem of successful marriage.

Adequacy of Income

Conditions of poverty are altogether too common in this land of opportunity. The National Resources Committee, in its study of American families for the years 1935-1936, found that about fourteen per cent of these families received a total annual income (including the value of goods produced for home use) of less than $500; twenty-seven per cent received less than $750; forty-two percent, or nearly one-half, received less than $1,000; sixty-five per cent received less than $1,500; and eighty per cent received less than $2,500.[1] Only about thirteen per cent of the families of the nation receive a yearly income of more than $2,500. It is evident, then, that a great many in this country are living under conditions of severe economic strain; certainly this can be said of about four million families whose annual income is less than $500.

Adequacy of income is one factor in marital success. Love may partially compensate for poverty, but despite any effect it has in alleviating the strain, there is evidence that long-continued worry over money matters is not conducive to happiness in the home. Insufficient income, along with feelings of insecurity which often accompany a low economic status, set up psychological tensions in the minds of family members — tensions which make them irritable and quick tempered; tensions which result in conflict. The deep-rooted strain which comes from worry over finance cannot help but result in personality disorganization and perhaps end eventually in open conflict. Poverty alone is not usually a cause of marriage failure; often men and women are big enough to overcome the handicap and to make their marriages succeed in spite of it; but often, too, the continual worry and strain wears them down until they break. Inadequate income is a very definite hindrance to successful marriage.

Adequacy of income, however, certainly isn't everything. Marriages often fail where there is plenty of money. In fact, a surplus of income may be the very reason for marriage breakdown; where money makes people lazy, selfish, and irresponsible, as it often does, it may be the cause of failure, just as may inadequate income. The ideal situation is somewhere between the two extremes. A modest income, not too low, and yet not too high, has some very definite advantages in that it will usually permit one to avoid the worries and the anxieties that accompany the lower income levels and at the same time to retain the qualities of humility, cooperation, and industry which are so often lost where incomes are on the upper levels.

Furthermore, money itself is only a part of the problem; a will to do is the other part. There are dozens of ways to be happy and to make others happy without a heavy pocketbook. Everyone needs some money, to be sure—enough for the necessities of life. But beyond that, there is much that each of us can do to compensate for what is lacking in the monetary field. Homes

[1]National Resources Committee, *Consumer Incomes in the United States*, Washington, D. C., 1938.

can be beautified; gardens can be planted and cared for; latent talents can be cultivated; entertainments can be improvised; et cetera.. The trouble today is that too many people feel that money is at the root of all that is worth while. What is needed is a little more willingness to work and to sacrifice, to do without some of the monetary pleasures, if necessary, in order to reach the deeper joys which lie beyond the reach of money; what is needed is a determination to make marriage successful regardless of income.

The amount of income the family enjoys is only one aspect of the economic status of the family. Let us look briefly at other problems of family finance which demand attention.

Control of the Family Purse

The family's mode of life is determined to a large extent by the way in which its income is spent; and hence, the problem of who shall control the family purse strings is full of potential and actual conflict. It used to be that the husband was the sole breadwinner, and his authority over the family finance was almost unchallenged. But times have changed; the emancipation of woman has not only made her more restless under the economic domination of her husband, but in many cases it has given her a separate source of income. Who shall control the family purse, then, is now influenced to a great extent by the source of the family income.

The number of married women in gainful employment in this country has been rising rapidly. The 1930 census revealed over three million gainfully employed wives, and it is very likely that the present number is even larger than that. It is not for us to say whether married women should ever seek employment outside the home or not; but what we can say is that her first duty is in the home. There are undoubtedly a number of justifiable cases of wife employment—cases in which the family income needs to be augmented or in which the wife has a real social contribution to make, and cases where this can be done before the children come, or after they have married and left the home nest, or while they are properly taken care of. But where there is one case that is justifiable, there are likely dozens of cases that are not. Woman's greatest contribution can be made in the home; husband and children need her there.

But this is not to say that she should remain financially embarrassed all her life. Just as there is danger in too much financial independence on the part of the wife, as suggested in the above paragraph, so there is also danger in too much financial dependence. Both extremes lead to misunderstandings and conflicts within the home; independence forestalls cooperation, while dependence is humiliating and often destructive to initiative. The wife who manages well her home and family performs a service equally as great as the husband who is successful in his occupation, and she should be equally rewarded by having a say in the control of family finances.

There are many methods of controlling the family purse, but we will have space here to mention only three. In the first method, the hus-

band handles all of the money and gives it out to family members upon request, or as he sees fit. There is little to be said in favor of this method. In the second method, the wife has an allowance. This has a lot more to be said for it than the first, for it gives the wife some of the freedom and responsibility she deserves, and it usually requires some degree of budgeting. But on the other hand, it also often leads to misunderstandings and conflicts; the wife may somewhat selfishly scrimp on the food she buys in order to have more for her personal share, or the husband may unjustly accuse the wife of poor management. The third method is that of setting up a joint banking account to which husband and wife have equally free access after the more or less regular and fixed monthly expenses are taken care of. This system is becoming more common among the young people of today. It avoids the somewhat questionable assumption of the first two methods—the assumption that the husband will spend money more wisely than the wife—and it thereby closely approaches the goal of complete equality in money matters. It has much to be said in its favor, and for those who are responsible enough to make it work, it is probably the most satisfactory arrangement of all; but it calls for moderation, self-restraint, and mutual confidence.

The control of the family purse should be as democratic as the maturity and responsible natures of family members will permit. Husband, wife, and children alike should be given opportunity to develop the qualities of responsible action and mutual trust. The entire family should counsel together on the money matters which concern it.

Wisdom in Buying

Another common source of failure in the home is lack of good judgment on what to buy and when to buy it. Commercial interests have become extremely artful and persistent in techniques of sales pressure, and the family purse is thereby often made to suffer. Seductive advertising and unethical salesmanship are daily used in the spirit of bigger profits regardless of public good. The public is altogether too gullible; it needs to develop a stronger resistance to sales pressure. But sales resistance is a matter of education. Consumer's education is a crying need of the day.

It is the housewife who makes most of the purchases for family consumption; hence, it is she who should be most concerned with developing the power of wisdom in buying. In this age of diets and vitamins, it is particularly important that she inform herself in a manner that will permit wise purchases and healthy family living. There are a number of ways to do this. Home economics courses in the schools and ample reading material in the public libraries and on the newsstands make education along this line entirely possible for the woman who is willing to put forth effort. Organizations such as Consumer's Research and Consumer's Union are also very much worth while. Their work is to carry on research to determine the relative merits of the various products, and then to make recommendations for the pur-

pose of guiding consumers into wise purchases. Even without these various aids, however, the woman who will, can learn much from experience, and can not only save money for the family, but through sensible buying can build better health and harmony in the home.

Along with the problem of knowing what to buy is the problem of knowing when to buy. Installment purchasing has become altogether too common in this country. Its chief disadvantages lie in the fact that it encourages people to live beyond their means and that its rates of interest are usually exorbitant. This is not to say that installment buying is never justified; sometimes, as in the case of a family with good financial prospects but little cash on hand, buying a house on installments may be entirely unobjectionable. But it is to say that in a great many cases, the majority perhaps, installment buying is the cause of perpetual economic bondage; bondage which means worry and tension and possibly marital conflict.

Planning for the Future

All of the economic problems of family life don't center around the present, by any means. The successful family is the one that plans and works for the future; and economic planning is just as important as any other kind.

Debt is a matter that needs to be given a little more careful consideration. People who mortgage their future lives for the sake of immediate satisfactions are very often the people who some day wake up to find their load too heavy to bear and who often break under the strain. We are not saying that people should never borrow money; loans and credits certainly have a place in the business world. But what we do want to emphasize is that too many people borrow foolishly, overinvest, live beyond their means; too many people fail to consider the future. If loans must be procured, the soundness of the institution offering the loan should be investigated and the rate of interest charged should be thoroughly understood by the individual. If the relationship between family debt and marriage failure could be more clearly seen, it is likely there would be much less debt.

Insurance and savings are other matters that need to be carefully considered. There are too many families in America without savings accounts or insurance policies; too many families living merely for the present, spending all that they earn and often more than they earn. There are too many widows left with a family of boys and girls with nothing to fall back upon for their support. It is realized, of course, that where income is low it is often extremely difficult to lay anything aside for a rainy day. But something should be done to protect the family against the uncertainties of the future, and with the proper attitude and will power something can be done.

In planning and building for the future great care should be taken that the children are considered for they are the future. We have frequently stated that the habits and ideals of early childhood are the ones that carry with a person throughout life. Money and work habits are no exception. Children

should be given little jobs and responsibilities in the home so that they will learn the dignity of labor and the meaning of money. They should be taught to share in both the responsibilities and the benefits of home life, and they should be made to feel that they are an essential part of it. Attitudes of work avoidance and unwise spending habits, which are all too common in our modern society, can usually be traced to early home training. Children should be taught to work, to save and to spend wisely; they should learn the thrill of a job well done. Vocational guidance is another fundamental aspect of child training, of preparing for the future. Parents are wise who understand this and who assist and guide in every way possible, so that the child becomes adequately prepared in some line of work, thus insuring him against being found eventually among the unemployed or the occupational misfits.

Planning must be systematic to be successful. Budgets should be made and followed, and accounts should be kept of expenditures. At periodic intervals parents and older children alike should sit together in a sort of a family council to talk over past mistakes and to plan for the future. This will give each member a chance to see his own needs and demands in relation to the larger whole. The spirit of planning is the spirit of cooperation and democratic participation. The detail of budgets and accounts can be varied according to the apparent needs and desires of the family; some prefer great detail and accuracy while others get along all right with a more general and broad blocking off of items. But detailed or not, certainly every family to be successful must plan, and plan systematically with budgets and records and family councils.

Problems and Projects

1. Review the findings of the National Resources Committee on family incomes. How much income do you feel that an average-sized family should have for a fair and just standard of living? How can a family compensate in a nonmonetary way for inadequate income? Can attitudes or expectations be changed? Give a number of suggestions for making family life successful on a small income.

2. Why is consumers' education so important today? Why is it particularly important for the housewife? How can she develop sales resistance and the power of good judgment in buying? When is installment buying justified and when is it not? Why? Why will marriages be happier if families live more within their means?

3. Discuss the following from the standpoint of future happiness in family life:
   a. Debt
   b. Savings
   c. Insurance
   d. Training of children in money matters
   e. Budgets and records of expenditures
   f. Family planning councils

References

Anonymous, "Orchids are Perishable: A Problem of Matrimony," *Reader's Digest*, August, 1936, pp. 92-94.

Baber, Ray E., *Marriage and the Family*, McGraw-Hill, New York, 1939, pp. 254-263; 291-294.

Bigelow, W. F. (editor), *Good Housekeeping Marriage Book*, Prentice-Hall Inc., New York, 1938, pp. 66-79.

Bussing, Elizabeth, "Marriage Makes the Money Go," *Good Housekeeping*, February, 1938, pp. 76-77.

Folsom, J. K., *Plan For Marriage*, Harpers, New York, 1938, pp. 167-194.

Groves, Ernest R., *Marriage*, Henry Holt and Co., New York, 1933, pp. 289-311.

Hart, Hornell, *Personality and the Family*, D. C. Heath and Co., New York, 1935, pp. 299-301.

Jung, Moses (editor), *Modern Marriage*, F. S. Croft and Co., New York, 1940, pp. 99-139.

Mott, B. O., "Marriage and Money," *Good Housekeeping*, January, 1940, p. 35.

Parkhurst, G., "Shall Marriage be Subsidized?", *Harpers*, November, 1937, pp. 570-579.

Washburn, H. P., "We Got Our Money's Worth; a Young Couple who Knew What They Wanted," *Forum*, November, 1936, pp. 198-201.

Sorensen, Donna D., "Women Urged to Get Out of Debt," *Relief Society Magazine*, May, 1941, p. 302.

Lyman, Amy Brown, "Relief Society General Conference Address," *Relief Society Magazine*, November, 1941, p. 767.

Mission Lessons

Latter-day Saint Hymns

(For optional use of missions in lieu of Literature)

Lesson 7

(Tuesday, April 21, 1942)

TRUE TO THE FAITH

Shall the youth of Zion falter,
In defending truth and right?
While the enemy assaileth
Shall we shrink or shun the fight? No!

CHORUS

True to the faith that our parents have cherished,
True to the truth for which martyrs have perished,
To God's command, soul, heart and hand,
Faithful and true we will ever stand.

While we know the pow'rs of darkness
Seek to thwart the work of God,
Shall the children of the promise
Cease to grasp the "iron rod"? No!

We will work out our salvation,
We will cleave unto the truth,
We will watch and pray and labor
With the fervent zeal of youth. Yes!

We will strive to be found worthy
Of the kingdom of our Lord,
With the faithful ones redeemed,
Who have loved and kept the word. Yes!

—*Evan Stephens.*

EVAN STEPHENS, who wrote both the words and the music of this song, was born in Wales, June 28, 1854. At twelve years of age he came to Utah with his parents, and settled in Willard, a small town about fifty miles north of Salt Lake City. Here he grew to man-

hood, close to the sheltering mountains which gave him much inspiration for his songs and music. Here, too, he was occupied in lowly occupations—herding cows, doing such farmwork as he was able to do, chopping wood, carrying rock and mortar for builders, and working on the railway as a section hand. Meantime he sang and played the organ and studied music by himself. Rarely was he idle a moment in those days.

Evan Stephens was a lover of nature and a born poet. He wrote the words and music as well as sang his songs and hymns, whereas most musicians only compose music for songs; others write the words. He was also a most prolific writer and composer. In the *Latter-day Saint Hymns* there are eighty-six selections bearing his name as composer —about twenty more compositions by him than by anyone else. Moreover, his spirit was in perfect tune with the Gospel as restored through the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Once Brother Stephens was asked what he thought should be the characteristic of the best Mormon music. He immediately replied: "That which breathes optimism and not pessimism; music in which the sombre must not predominate, but be used only as a means of contrast to heighten the effect of the bright." Accordingly all his verse and all his music is cheerful, hopeful, forward-looking, buoyant, rather than depressing or gloomy. This is the spirit of the Gospel of Christ.

Evan Stephens was greatly loved by those who knew him personally, and through his songs and music by those who did not know him personally. His name will never die.

THE occasion out of which "True to the Faith" came into being is given thus by George D. Pyper in his book, *Stories of Latter-day Saint Hymns*:

"When Evan Stephens was conductor of the Tabernacle Choir, he was thrilled on one occasion by a sermon delivered by the late President Joseph F. Smith on the subject of the third and fourth generations. At the close of the service Professor Stephens strolled up City Creek canyon, pondering the inspired words of the President. Suddenly the muse came upon him and, seated on a rock which was standing firm under the pressure of the running water and happily symbolic of his theme, he wrote with a pencil the words of 'True to the Faith,' with the roughly-drawn staves of the music."

Of this song he said later, as reported by Superintendent Pyper: "It isn't words or music to dream over; it is that pulsating with the life and action of today. Yesterday was the dreamer's day. Today belongs to the active, wide-awake worker, and our religion is preeminently in harmony with today and its unparalleled activity. Our songs and music, to a degree at least, are here again in harmony with our religion, as they should be; and, true to its active, optimistic character, our young people sing, 'We will work out our salvation.'"

The hymn, which was first published in 1905, was inscribed: "To my 20,000 pupils of Zion," by Professor Stephens.

THE structure of "True to the Faith" is very simple. Beginning with a question which is an-

swered in the chorus, it proceeds to speak (1) of the opposition that will be met in "the pow'rs of darkness," (2) the necessity for each of us "working out our salvation" in harmony with the teachings of our practical religion, and (3) the need to be "found worthy of the kingdom of our Lord," so as to be redeemed.

It is, as its author and composer said, an extremely vigorous song; it is not a hymn in the true sense of the word. Words and music fit each other like a glove on a hand, and this is as it should be with a song or a hymn. An event in one's life is to hear a congregation of ten thousand young people sing this song in the great Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. This is particularly true since the music gives one the impression of a marching host—something, no doubt, that the composer intended. The singers are going somewhere with a firm and energetic tread, such as becomes a body of inspired youth.

ALWAYS, when one thinks of or hears or sings this invigorating song, one is apt to ask, "Precisely what are we to be true to?" And if we are told that we are to be true to "the faith that our fathers have cherished," we are likely to ask, "What are the essentials of that faith?"

The complete answer is to be found in the lessons we have had in this year's course of study thus far. Let us briefly review the ideas which we have considered.

1. We began with the idea of the Restoration of the Gospel through the Prophet Joseph Smith. This is the main idea underlying the song, "The Morning Breaks." What was restored? The ancient Church, with all its principles and ordinances and powers. And this Church was restored by heavenly beings in our time and age.

2. One of the ideas restored concerned God, our Father, and our relationship to Him. This we studied in the hymn by Eliza R. Snow, "O My Father," from which we learned that we are the spiritual descendents of a heavenly Father and a heavenly Mother—ideas that are very meaningful to Latter-day Saints. The idea of God lies at the foundation of all revealed religion.

3. In the hymn "The Spirit of God Like a Fire Is Burning," we learned something about the great power by which we live and come to a knowledge of truth—the Holy Ghost. That it is, as we know, that teaches us about things of the spirit and that gives us power to stand up under the difficulties which we are bound to meet in this world. It helps us to be "true to the faith" of our parents.

4. Our fourth hymn was sacramental. It taught us the real importance of the Lord's Supper in the scheme of salvation. The Sacrament brings us into close relationship with our Savior, who redeems us from our personal sins as well as from the sin of Adam.

5. In our next hymn we learned the necessity and value of a prophet "to guide us in these latter-days." Through the "prophet, seer, and revelator" we are guided, as a people, and as a Church. The prophet receives "the mind and will" of the Lord in all matters pertaining to the Church.

6. In our daily life, as everybody

knows, there are many things that ruffle our tempers, and so, in the sixth poem, we learned how important it is that we control our feelings. Self-control is the only proper control, whether we are living in a democracy or under some other form of government. Life is a school. If we are to graduate with honor, we must learn to govern ourselves, especially through our feelings.

IT is these ideas that we are to be true to: the Mormon conception of God; the Mormon idea of Christ and his mission; the Mormon belief respecting the Sacrament; the Mormon doctrine regarding the prophet who leads the Church; and the Mormon belief of gradual human progress. We believe that, with certain true beliefs in mind, which the Restored Gospel brings us, we can, through proper guidance and self-control, reach perfection of character here and exaltation hereafter.

All this Evan Stephens had in mind when he wrote and composed the song, "True to the Faith."

Questions

1. Suppose now you choose some ideas that you had before you joined the Church, or before you became aware of what the Church teaches, and compare them with the ideas which you have now. These should be (1) about our Father in heaven, (2) about Christ as the Redeemer and Savior, (3) about the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, (4) about the Holy Spirit, (5) about the idea of eternal progress.

2. Who was Evan Stephens? Where and when was he born? How did he differ from most composers of music? Tell something about his character and his views of Mormon music.

3. Give the situation under which "True to the Faith" was composed. What is the main characteristic of this song, both the words and the music?

4. Put into as few words as possible what we should be true to, as learned from these lessons.

5. Consider yourself with respect to being true. In what do you find difficulty? How clear is your knowledge of the Gospel? In what ways can you become better acquainted with its teachings? In what ways can you become truer to these? To what extent are you "a light to the world"?

The Great Fig Tree

(*Continued from page 50*)

Sarah (*impulsively*): This is a good woman, Thomas.

Thomas (*confused, thinking hard, crosses back to center*): A good woman. . . . I can see that. . . . It's her cause I'm thinking about . . . this Mormonism I've heard so much evil . . . and yet. . . . (*Quoting as he turns away. Speaks very slowly.*) *Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?*"

(*Talking as if to himself*) That family in Birmingham. . . . Now I think of it, they acquitted themselves like people of real faith. . . . In ancient times they persecuted and killed the Saints. . . . I am wondering. . . .

(*He looks upward*) I am wondering if I have not . . . like one of old . . . consented to the wounding, perhaps the death, of a servant of God.

Fashions Of Yesterday

(Continued from page 35)

girls almost universally had their ears pierced in anticipation of this "need."

IN the "gay nineties" sleeves were worn large at the top and sloped to a tight forearm and cuff, popularly known as leg-o-mutton sleeves. Waists still maintained a pointed basque effect, but were not drawn in so tightly at the waist. The straight front line remained fashionable and was accentuated by the dip front of the waist and by the smooth front line of the skirt with all fullness pushed to the back. The bustle disappeared, but skirts with their fullness in the back and the sweeping train continued. Skirts literally "swept" the ground.

Index to Advertisers

Larkin Mortuaries	Inside Back Cover
L. D. S. Business College	Inside Back Cover
Otarion of Salt Lake City	Inside Back Cover
The Deseret News Press	Outside Back Cover

To ENJOY *Radiant* HEALTH

DO *these* 2 *things*

EAT PLENTY OF *Fisher's* VITAMIN ENRICHED BREAD

TUNE IN and Follow PATTY JEAN'S HEALTH EXERCISES: KUTA 750 Kilo. 9:30 A. M. MONDAY THRU FRIDAY

When Buying Mention Relief Society Magazine

PIONEERS OF WOMEN

Elsie F. Parton

As passing years swept down the stream of life,
Tradition fell before fast speeding time;
Upon the far horizon broke a light
With myriad rays of pattern and design.
One wide, bright ray outshone all other beams,
Its brilliance falling on a sacred door;
A Prophet turned a key to open wide
A region vast for women to explore.
Across the threshold with intrepid feet
They stepped into those wider, broader spheres,
The shield of service hanging on their breasts—
Undaunted breasts of women pioneers.
They craved no hero's badge nor herald's shout;
They hungered only for a well-stored mind,
A wish that they might live their lives and dwell
In peace and unison with all mankind.
Throughout the years they journeyed two by two—
On Mercy's road their tireless feet have trod
And faltered not (although the way was steep)
In rend'ring service to mankind and God.

Across the span of many vivid years
A century of progress and reform
Has risen as a monument to those
Who gladly watched this wond'rous era dawn,
From loved Nauvoo into the distant West
Where Rocky Mountains raised their stately heads
And colour splashed the rugged canyon's breast,
Where beauty with the sego lily weds.
The sun shall never set upon their sphere,
For nations, kindreds, tongues, extol their worth.
They stand as sentinels to guard their rights
And spread compassion through a suff'ring earth.
They aim to stand one hundred thousand strong;
For every year a thousand hearts shall beat!
No hate of race shall mar their festive day,
No clarion call shall find them in retreat.
One hundred years of faithful service theirs—
One hundred glorious years have come and gone
Since pioneers of women blazed the trail
And left a valiant throng to carry on.

"L. D. S. TRAINING PAYS!"

There are

LIFETIME VALUES

in a Business Education

The WINTER TERM begins January 4. Make your reservations EARLY.

L. D. S.
BUSINESS COLLEGE
Salt Lake City, Utah

Information gladly furnished on request

HEAR

With **Otarion's** 4 tiny radio tubes—in church, movies, concerts, public and social groups,—everywhere.

Compare **Otarion's** size, tone, economy, appearance, price and performance with any or all other hearing aids.

Ask any **Otarion** user in your own neighborhood. You, too, can hear better with **Otarion**. Call or write for a convincing free demonstration in your own home or in our office.

Otarion
AMERICAN MEDICAL ASS'N ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON PHYSICAL THERAPY
HEARING AID

OTARION OF SALT LAKE
DONALD G. LYMAN
511 McIntyre Building
Salt Lake City Telephone 5-4036

"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

James 5:16.

LARKIN MORTUARIES

Ogden, Utah
466 24th St.
Dial 7523

Los Angeles, California
6003 Compton Avenue
Jefferson 1244

Salt Lake City, Utah
260 East South Temple
Dial 4-9126

MRS W G GODFREY
674 NO 1ST WEST
PROVO UTAH
121-4 APR

100 YEARS

Onward, Relief Society!...

One hundred years of unswerving devotion behind you. The history of the Relief Society ru parallel to, and is closely allied with, the social a political progress made by women everywhere du ing that time.

You have proved your worth, you have won yo spurs. What lies ahead?

Everyone is wondering, many with not too gre assurance. But the Relief Society has proved troublous times past, that sacrifice and hardsh simply afford greater opportunity for the use of th capacity for service which is peculiarly its own.

We salute you at the beginning of this anniversa year. We have enjoyed our associations with t General Board and many individual members of t Relief Society. Our aim is to continue to serve y well in our particular field.

THE DESERET NEWS PRESS

29 Richards Street Salt Lake City, Uta